

# THE LIVING AGE.

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## THE IRISH PIPES.

I heard the piper playing,  
The piper old and blind,  
And knew its secret saying—  
The voice of the summer wind.

I heard clear waters falling,  
Lapping from stone to stone,  
The wood-dove crying and calling,  
Ever alone, alone.

I heard the bells of the heather  
Ring in the summer breeze,  
Soft stir of fur and feather  
And quiet hum of bees.

The piper drew me yearning  
Into the dim gray lands,  
Where there is no returning  
Although I wring my hands.

There to the piper's crooning  
I saw my dead again,  
All in a happy nooning  
Of golden sun and rain.

You piper, kind and hoary,  
Your pipes upon your knee,  
If I should tell my story,  
The things you piped for me.

The folk would leave their selling,  
And bid their buying go,  
If I could but be telling  
The things you let me know.

*Katharine Tynan.*

*The Spectator.*

## SONS OF THE ISLES.

There is a spell woven by restless seas,  
A secret charm that haunts our Island  
air,  
Holding our hearts and following  
everywhere  
The wandering children of the Orcades;  
And still when sleep the prisoned spirit  
frees,  
What dim, void wastes, what strange,  
dark seas we dare,  
Till, where the dear green Isles shine  
low and fair,  
We moor in dreams beside familiar  
quays.

Sons of the Isles! though ye may roam  
afar,  
Still on your lips the salt sea-spray is  
stinging,  
Still in your hearts the winds of youth  
are singing;  
Though in heavens grown familiar to  
your eyes  
The Southern Cross is gleaming, for  
old skies  
Your hearts are fain, and for the North-  
ern Star.

*D. J. Robertson.*

*Chambers's Journal.*

## THE LAST SONG.

I sang of that I knew not—that's our  
way;  
The world sees step by step, but sing-  
ers see  
Dawn of a fresher and a fairer day—  
An age's sorrow in an ecstasy.

I sang of victory that is not vain,  
I sang of love of childhood, love of  
friend—  
Love through the ages, love without  
an end . . .  
The wise world paused, and smiled to  
hear the strain.

I sang of sorrow sorrowfully—of pain  
Relentlessly, who drank of neither  
cup,  
I, who had never seen death, sang again  
Of death—and life where death is  
swallowed up.

And only through the tears of after  
time  
I lived to learn my songs and find  
them true;  
Now with death's darkness folding all  
the land—  
Darkness which soon shall bring me  
rest and you—  
I, drifting fearfully with upstretched  
hand,  
For that I know what never yet I  
knew—  
Cease singing . . . I have lived . . . and  
understand.

*Ethel Edwards.*

*The Outlook.*

**THE FIRST MONTH OF THE DUMA.**

There has hardly ever been in history a task equal in magnitude and difficulty to that which has been placed before the first Russian Parliament. In the religious and political struggles of seventeenth-century England, the fabric of society remained solid on the whole; tendencies like those of the Levellers and of the Fifth Monarchy Men were not widespread, and not difficult to restrain. The leaders of the Puritan Government came mostly from the ranks of the same middle class which subsequently carried out the Restoration; and the fierce civil war, which at one time seemed to endanger the very existence of the country, resolved itself into a compromise under the guidance of a parliamentary oligarchy. The French Revolution produced a deeper upheaval of the social order, and broke more thoroughly with historical traditions; but it never put national unity in question, and redeemed its most terrible features by an exaltation of patriotism which held Europe at bay, and reconciled to New France many of its staunchest opponents. The Russian revolutionary movement is aimed, not only at a complete reversal of a rotten political system, but also at a renewal of society itself by the most sweeping reforms of modern times. And, at the same time as the efforts of popular representation are concentrated in St. Petersburg in a death struggle with Ministerial bureaucracy, all the conquests and acquisitions achieved by Russia in the course of three hundred years are challenged by the minor nationalities subdued, but not reconciled, to Russian rule. And the predominant people itself seems to have entirely lost all sense of national personality, and all wish to assert its claims. It would be strange indeed if, under these cir-

cumstances, the doings of the new Representative Assembly should not display, by the side of noble aspirations and regenerating ideas, the features of violence and passion, the one-sided judgment and lack of equilibrium, so characteristic of revolutionary epochs.

Every revolutionary assembly is, in a sense, the direct offspring of the régime which it is called to overthrow: it is generally led by the law of contrast to assume the counterpart of what has been held before, and, for this very reason, acts on the same plane with its most deadly foe. Oppression engenders violence, centralism—disruptive tendencies, privilege—levelling schemes, militarism—pacificism. This spirit of contradiction does not conduce to high statesmanship; but it is not such statesmanship that seems wanted in the beginnings of a revolution, but the action of elementary forces. Only when those have spent themselves to a certain extent, the conscious, scheming agencies of political forethought begin to assert their right.

Quite apart from the complexity of the thousand and one questions accumulated before the Duma, from the impatient cravings of classes and groups pressing for recognition and satisfaction at the same time, there is the initial difficulty of dealing with an impossible and yet legally powerful Government. A new authority has to be created at all costs in the place of the old bankrupt one, which nevertheless holds the field in a formal and material sense. And this task has to be effected by means, not of a civil war, if possible, but of parliamentary action. Georg Brandes declared once that the Russian crest—the double-headed eagle—reminded him of one of those double-

headed monsters which, according to the newspapers, are sometimes brought into the world. The irreverent comparison turns out to be a prediction. In its present political condition, the Russian Empire has certainly two heads and two brains; and the result of this monstrous duplication is the paralysis of the whole system.

Before reviewing the chief acts of the Duma during the first month of its existence, let us glance at its leading groups and parties, and try to realize some of their psychical peculiarities. In a sense, the Duma consists, not of several parties, but of one. There is hardly any other House of Representatives which has put on record so many unanimous votes. Men coming from the most different corners of an immense Empire, men who have nothing in common as to social standing, education, manners, men who can hardly understand each other's speech, have again and again joined in almost unanimous resolutions when they were asked to condemn the policy of the Government. The faint disagreement of some seven or ten out of a House of four hundred, on some of these occasions, only served to put more emphasis on the overwhelming predominance of the spirit of opposition. The Duma is at one as an Opposition group; and discord begins only when it is not faced by a Government which seems to possess a magical power of removing all dissensions from its midst.

And yet, while the country was still in the preparatory stage of elections, there was an abundant crop of combinations calling themselves parties: one could easily reckon up some nineteen or twenty of these. Where are they now? Most have burst like soap bubbles; and even those few that survive have generally shrunk to a very small compass. The Extreme Right, the Reactionaries, are not to be found in the Duma. In order to discover

them one has to look to the Council of the Empire, where some stalwarts of this stamp are still to be observed. Not long ago it was believed that the majority of the peasants would send staunch defenders of autocracy, orthodoxy, and exclusive nationalism, to the Lower House; but if such elements exist among the more backward of the peasants and clergymen, they have not mustered strength to show color.

An even more remarkable spectacle is presented by a group which at one moment seemed likely to become the ruling party in the country—the Octobrists. By their condemnation of revolutionary agitation, and their advocacy of moderate reforms, they seemed on the way to attract most of those who have much to lose by any revolution, even the most unavoidable one—the propertied and commercial classes, the well-to-do among the peasants. By their appeal to historical traditions, they struck a note which ought to have found an echo in the hearts of patriotic Russians. As a matter of fact, they succeeded in bringing into the House only a score of men; and even this small number melted considerably in the heat of the first debates. We need not dwell at length on the causes of this defeat. Only one, the chief one, has to be noticed, as it is characteristic of the attitude of their remnant in the Duma. A party of moderate reform and national tradition cannot do without a substantial national authority of some kind. If it is driven to oppose and condemn all the acts and officials of the monarchy it wants to support, it is left with nothing but a shadow to defend. Indeed, with the best of intentions, the Octobrists have not done much more hitherto in the Duma than to cavil at some of the expressions used by their more fortunate competitors in their denunciations of the old régime of bureaucracy. Nor is it less significant that the party has



not even been able to start an influential paper of its own. This deplorable state of affairs cannot be ascribed either to the inertia and blunders of the leaders, or to a lack of political principles to fill up a programme. The Moderates and Conservatives of Russia have no standing ground, because the official world, in whose keeping the historical institutions of Russia still remain, is entirely devoid of moral authority; it calls forth nothing but hatred and contempt, and casts a blight on all those who may be suspected of a wish to compromise with it. And so there is nothing for Octobrists and Moderates but to stand by, and to join in the vituperations which are the order of the day.

The most numerous and influential party of the Duma consists of some 150 Constitutional Democrats, the "Party of the People's Freedom," as they style themselves. They march in serried ranks, and are followed on all important occasions by various minor groups, which may grumble against the Jacobin despotism of the *cadets*, but have, nevertheless, to follow the latter's lead. This combination of members may be likened to the political Radicals of Western parliaments; and any working majority in the House would have to be built upon this basis. The central ideas of these groups may be summarized in the view that Russia ought to be governed by a Constitution of an advanced Western type, and that comprehensive social reforms should be carried out, if possible, by parliamentary means. The programme of the *cadets* and of their allies, mostly compiled from Western patterns, certainly contains many points absolutely necessary to a country which wants to reorganize its institutions on a parliamentary basis. At the same time, it bears undoubtedly a *doctrinaire* stamp; it is bookish in its origin, and does not take sufficiently into account

the peculiar conditions in which political work has to be achieved in Russia. Practice will undoubtedly enforce many limitations; and, in fact, the *cadets* have already had to pull up in many respects after their enthusiastic rush at the elections. But the object lessons of the future will have to be paid for, and, presumably, very dearly. There is another weak side in the position of the *cadets*, which is perhaps even more harmful than their doctrinalism—I mean their connection with the revolutionaries. If the Moderates are crippled by their leanings towards a monarchy, which of late has done nothing but disgrace the country it is called to represent, the policy of the *cadets* is vitiated by the obligations contracted by them in regard to the revolutionary movement. Although parliamentarians abstaining from actual revolt, they have to threaten the Government with the prospect of revolt; and they are sincere when they declare that they stand nearer to the Socialists and Terrorists than to the officials and soldiers who have to keep up the existing order. This is undoubtedly a dangerous and ambiguous position; and if the *cadet* party were ever entrusted with the functions of government, it would not find it very easy to cancel some of its present declarations.

Another important party is formed by the deputies of the so-called Labor group. Some 100 in number, they are chiefly peasants, but include also the few artisans who have got into the Duma. They come from the millions accustomed to look upon the upper hundred thousand with invincible distrust, and would not scruple one moment to destroy their artificial preponderance. They do not make much difference between the varieties of "gentlemen," and are not more lenient to the Liberals among the latter than to the Conservatives. The leaders of

the group are a good deal in advance of its bulk in their political views—some of them are downright Socialists. But all are bent on an agrarian reform which would give the land to those who till it; and a radical reorganization of labor is bound to follow on this. The group is even more important on account of the interests and influences it represents, than of the part it takes in the debates and divisions of the Duma. It stands in direct touch with the rural population, and is frequently approached by the lower classes in the provinces as to their grievances and claims. The weak point in this case is the uncertainty of the dispositions of the majority of the peasants in regard to Constitutional questions. Many of them are disinclined to adopt any course which would lead to a breach with the Tsar, and care more for economic concessions than for political rights. Yet the Socialist leaders have succeeded hitherto in manœuvring their host according to their plans, and of placing it in position considerably to the left of the *cadets*.

One more combination has to be noticed—the so-called Autonomist group, composed of the representatives of all the minor nationalities of the Empire, and of a good many Russians; Poles, Lithuanians, Baltic Letts and Esths, Jews, Ukraina Russians, join to further their divers national aspirations; the Caucasian and Siberian deputies are expected to enter the combination; and even Great Russians, inclining towards the widest decentralization and federalism, will support it. The political and social creeds of the members of this club are entirely diverse. Some are Social Democrats, others Radicals of the *cadet* type, others again Conservatives; all remain more or less connected with the fractions representing their different opinions in the Duma, and would speak and vote against each other on many vital questions. The one link

uniting them is the pledge to serve the development of autonomous institutions for the nationalities of the Empire. In this case again the club, though lacking in cohesion, draws its importance from the ties which unite it to the populations it represents. Its action will have to be reckoned with, not only when the time comes for framing provincial administrations, but also in all the questions in which the nationalities of the Empire present a considerable variety of conditions—and this is saying a great deal.

Besides all these more or less clearly defined groups, there is a large floating population of independent members, "Savages" as they are styled in Germany, who flock to the right or to the left according to the inspirations of the moment—again a characteristic feature of an incipient political assembly, in which the dividing lines are not yet sharply drawn, and feelings come to play a greater part than settled convictions.

Such are the main lines of existing parties and groups. Some modifications are likely to ensue, and announce themselves already in the distance. A cleavage in the Constitutional Democratic party is always threatening, if the bulk of the party has to effect a marked evolution either to the right or to the left; in fact, the agrarian discussion has already caused the secession of a couple of members, who, being convinced individualists, do not approve of the line taken by the party. Eventually such secessions may lead to a strengthening of the Octobrists by the right wing of the *cadets*. On the other hand, in the yet remote eventuality of the Constitutional Democrats being enlisted as a Government party, they would probably have to give up some of their advanced people to the Extreme Left. On the other hand, the Socialists of the Extreme Left are much too strong in their views and

methods to continue very long in their alliance with the peasants, and are bound to form an independent faction. But the more attentively one watches the course of events in the Duma, the clearer it gets to be to what extent its debates and decisions are determined by outside influences—by the action of the Court and of the officials in one sense, by the action of the street and of the rustics in another sense. The hatred of officials, the fear of the army, the outbreaks of agrarian disorders and strikes, terroristic outrages and coercion, react much more on the Duma than such events and feelings would have done in a parliament with a settled standing, a secure existence, a direct participation in the work of government, and established parties conscious of their aims and past. This fact makes prognostics, based chiefly on programmes and numbers, exceedingly fallacious. It would not do to ignore the pressure of pent-up energies which are likely to give the decisive impulses to the political evolution of the next months. Suppose agrarian disorders spread over the greater part of the country, as is confidently predicted, or a general strike of the kind experienced in October breaks out again, or a mutiny in the army takes place on a large scale. It is evident that such facts would force the hands of the parties concerned; and, of course, the longer the double-headed system continues, the more likely it gets to be that such events will happen. The monotonous dialogue between the Duma and the Ministry is sure to be converted in that case into a much more impassioned drama. Still, what has already been said and done in the Tauris Palace is not without profound meaning; and I may be allowed to dwell on some of the inferences to be drawn from the first month of the Duma's activity. Four main points have to be taken into account by any one reviewing this stage

of Russian parliamentary history: the amnesty question, the Address of the Duma to the Emperor, the Ministerial declaration, and the agrarian debates. These last are the most important of the manifestations which have taken place in the course of the last month; but they are still in progress, and it would be impossible to do them justice in a paper which has to treat of so many other things. I shall refer to them only in so far as is necessary to understand other points. As it is, we shall have more than enough material to talk about.

The first words of free speech that resounded from the tribune of the Duma were dedicated to the liberation of political offenders, of men who had committed actions deemed criminal in the old order of things, but meant to open the way for a new order. The impulse which dictated the impassioned appeals for an amnesty, and prompted educated Russia to demand an abolition of capital punishment, was certainly a noble one; and it is sad to notice that it did not find any response in the hearts of the monarch's official advisers. And yet, in judging of the real and implied meaning of these measures, one cannot simply take stock of natural feelings and humanitarian demonstrations. There can be no doubt that the amnesty problem is a wider one than the majority of Russian Radicals would perhaps be willing to acknowledge. There were two ways of making the claim of amnesty unobjectionable and irrefutable. The Assembly could draw the line between crimes and misdemeanors suggested by political idealism, and culminating in revolutionary propaganda, in unlawful publications, associations, and strikes, even in open riots and hand-to-hand fighting on the one hand, and premeditated murders and terroristic deeds on the other; absolving the first, and perhaps pleading for some mitigation of

punishment in the case of the latter. Such a course would have amounted to an admission of the principle that there are certain means which no end can justify, that it would be wrong to grant impunity for acts which strike at the foundations of society itself, which place the public at the mercy of passion and fanaticism. Such an estimate would have been reasonable; but it was prevented by the state of excitement to which public opinion had worked itself up. There was another possibility of making the amnesty claim unassailable on higher ground: it might have been directed to a complete oblivion of all excesses committed in the struggle, coupled with a reprobation of all the motives suggesting such excesses. This would certainly have covered all the transgressions of the revolutionaries, even wilful murder, pillage, mutiny, bomb-throwing; but then the same curtain of oblivion would have had to fall over the excesses of the authorities and of their agents, committed for the sake of repressing disorders, the misdeeds of punitive expeditions, of over-zealous police officers, of misguided "Black Hundreds." And as the abolition of the death penalty was all along advocated in conjunction with amnesty, as a guarantee against irretrievable punishment, the Duma might have directed its emphatic protest against political assassination as well as against cruel executions. As a matter of fact, such a course was suggested in the Duma and in the Press. But the decision of the Duma fell out otherwise. It was exclusively directed against the murders of coercion, while terrorism and revolutionary brigandage were studiously overlooked, or explained away as excusable symptoms of excitement. Indeed declamations about the high moral standard of assassins, the difficulty of drawing the line between a criminal and a "saint," were by no means confined to the

speeches and writings of the more violent among the Radicals. Nor do the persons to be amnestied behave in the least like culprits seeking oblivion for their acts. It is in a spirit of defiance and triumph that their release is demanded. No wonder, under these circumstances, that the monarch and his advisers are not anxious to conform to the imperious demands addressed to them. And one may well ask oneself whether such an agitation is more calculated to achieve the rescue of the oppressed and the condonation of offences, or to envenom civil strife and to render all compromise impossible. The formation of a committee to investigate into the misdeeds of the administration is another step in the same direction. It would be difficult not to notice in all these facts the dependence of the progressive parties in the Duma on revolutionary antecedents and forces. They are unable and unwilling to sever themselves from revolutionary agitation, because they consider it as their main source of power, as the steam wanted to fill the cylinders of their engine. And yet they ought to know that, by working at such high pressure, they run the risk of blowing everything and everybody to pieces.

The Address in answer to the Emperor's speech is open to another kind of objection. It was meant to embody a comprehensive statement about reforms. Two questions arise at its perusal. Was it wise to put forward a kind of summary, the real meaning of which could certainly not be fathomed in the course of the three days devoted to its discussion? Are the demands put forward in the Address worded in a cautious and adequate manner?

As to the first of these questions, it seems clear that the form of the document was suggested by the revolutionary temper pervading the nation and the Assembly at the moment. It would

have been out of place to urge considerations which in other moods and times might have been self-evident enough. As the *Temps* very properly put it, it would have been more to the purpose, instead of drawing up a general "Table of Contents," formidable and vague at the same time, to insist on two or three vital points, especially on the right of unfettered legislation and the responsibility of Ministers. By concentrating its efforts on these points, the Duma might have carried them, and would have thereby won the strategic key of the whole position. All the particular measures required would have followed in their time. And one can quite fancy that if the Octobrists had made a resolute stand on the point that it was impossible to discuss adequately all the subjects included in the projected Address, and on the mischievous effect of hastily assumed pledges, they would have gathered a very respectable minority around them, and might have appealed to their forethought on many a subsequent occasion. But they did nothing of the kind, either because they were too much hypnotized by their successful opponents, or else because they were themselves under the delusion that a general statement of claims was useful and necessary. As for the *cadets*, who took the uncontested lead on this occasion, their object was not only to satisfy that craving for wide, bright perspectives, which is one of the psychological instincts of every revolution. They were also anxious to connect political and administrative reforms with the agrarian and legal claims of the peasants. During the first days of its activity, the new legislative assembly was not sure how far it would find support among the rural class constituting the enormous majority of the Russian people; and the leaders of the progressive parties deemed it expedient to impress on the more backward members

the intimate connection between the different parts of their reform programme. These features of the political situation, the wish to recruit allies and to strike at enemies, gave the Address its specific character.

When we turn to its contents, we find that most of the points it touches certainly demand attention, and that, although commonplace enough in Western countries, they require definite action on the part of Russian legislators. Russia certainly wants limitations of the powers of its bureaucracy, civic liberties, equality of all citizens before the law, an improved electoral system, popular education, a reform of income and expenditure, constitutional rights for its Parliament. But, when such points are broached, they ought to be embodied in definite laws, in order to avoid ambiguity and false hopes. Reduced to abstract professions, they are open to objections from all sides. Is it really a settled thing that Russia is to have, not only manhood suffrage, but women's franchise? Are the people ready for it? The wording of the Address has the inconvenience of suggesting this radical solution, although it was not discussed on its own merits, and, at the same time, of making it doubtful whether women's suffrage is actually included. The removal of all disabilities arising from sex is proclaimed; but the mention of women in the electoral paragraph is avoided. Is it a loophole or an oversight? Is the declaration against the Council of the Empire aimed against an Upper House as such, or against a defective institution, as framed at the present time? In the section about civic rights, these are enumerated as inalienable attributes, after the fashion of the French "Rights of Man." Bentham's famous objections to abstract fallacies hold good in this case. Is the Duma sure that, for instance, a suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act, or a Repression



of Crimes Act, will never be needed? That exceptional powers under a state of siege will never be called into existence? Such a conviction would be Utopian in the light of what happens frequently in countries other than Russia; and it is especially dangerous to speak ambiguously on such points in Russia, because it is constantly maintained there that no exceptional measures of coercion are ever needed. Anyhow, the mere enumeration of the Rights of Man may mean too much or too little, according to circumstances. They get to be alive in their definite setting.

An agrarian reform based on the expropriation of land belonging to the State, the Imperial Family, the Church, the monasteries and private owners, is announced. Surely a tremendous responsibility has been assumed on short notice in these few words. Are the needs of the peasantry everywhere so urgent as to necessitate the reversal of all the existing conditions of property? How far is private ownership to survive such a reform? What legislative limitations and administrative guidance are to be provided, in order to ensure the proper use of the facilities afforded by such a reform? Are the peasants to receive merely the clods of soil, or also the capital necessary for their exploitation? What standard of fairness can be used in fixing prices in the purchase of land? Can the country bear the financial burden of such an operation? What allowances will be made for the differences of conditions and views existing between various parts of the Empire in regard to the agrarian problem? All these, and many other questions, arise of themselves, and are being hotly discussed even now. On this or the other settlement of every one of them depend entirely different conceptions of the projected reform. This being so, it would surely have been more appropriate to take note of the calamitous position of the rural classes in many

parts of Russia, and to demand a thorough settlement of the agrarian difficulties, without committing oneself to bare promises of expropriation. In this one-sided form, people see the menace to property without seeing the urgency of such a treatment, or the specific remedies which will have to be employed.

Again, what definite meaning is attached to the clause relating to the military establishment: "Mindful of the great hardships which the Army and Fleet of Your Majesty have to endure, the Duma will take care to strengthen both in the Army and in the Fleet the principles of justice and law . . ."? To venture on such dangerous ground in order to offer such a hazy pronouncement, is characteristic of the more sentimental than practical way in which the Address has been conceived and elaborated. As in the case of the "Rights of Man," the Address of the Duma is an introduction to revolution, rather than to peaceful legislation. It contains nothing intrinsically false; in fact, all its maxims are noble abstractions. The great and real problem is to provide them with flesh and blood, to embody them in working institutions.

One thing has certainly to be said in explanation and defence of the action of the Duma. It was directly instigated by the Government. The position of the latter was defined in the Statute of March 5th, and the Fundamental Laws of May 6th; and it was reasserted in the Ministerial Declaration of May 26th. This last concerns us more immediately, as it was framed as a direct rejoinder to the Address of the Duma. Even compared with Count Witte's speech in the Council of the Empire, it was a most pitiable performance. The cardinal questions of unfettered legislation, of the repeal of the Fundamental Laws, of a Responsible Ministry, were simply brushed aside by a mere reference to these same Fundamental Laws. As to the agra-



rian problem, the sanctity of private property was proclaimed, as if the mere enunciation of this principle were sufficient to nip in the bud all schemes of expropriation and land-purchase. On the question of civic rights, the Ministry had nothing to bring forward but lamentations about the bad times, the murders and riots; as if again the Government had not lost all credit for its endeavors to maintain a certain kind of order by the arbitrary and cruel way in which it had acquitted itself of this task. As a Liberal weekly aptly expressed it, the preposterous character of the Premier's declaration consists less in the opposition to popular demands, than in the utter inability of the Ministers to understand the situation in which they have placed themselves as well as the country.

What followed was still more astounding. After having been browbeaten by one and all of the speakers who addressed the Duma on this occasion, the Ministry still cling to their seats, and continue to act as a kind of red flag inciting the Assembly to fury. In any other country but Russia, one of two things would have happened; either the Ministry would have retired, or else the Duma would have been dissolved. Neither of these eventualities has taken place in Russia. It is evidently thought possible and useful to have two violently opposed governmental centres in the country: a Ministry without a shadow of moral authority, and a Parliament bereft of the means to exert practical authority. And this at the very time when the whole country is seething with unrest and excitement.

Such a situation cannot endure for ever. It is bound to lead to further steps on the road of revolution. This revolution turns out to be a chronic instead of an acute one; but it is not less genuine for that. Indeed it is more dangerous, because, instead of

proceeding by way of a sharp, surgical operation, it acts by small shocks, and is not arrested by the gradual weakening of the patient. The greatest danger of all would be to remain in the bane of the dualistic helplessness which paralyzes the action of the central apparatus. One expedient only seems available at present, in order to get with least danger out of the deadlock created by the blunders and misdeeds of the past. The ruling class must be regenerated by the introduction of new blood; and such a regeneration can only come from one side, namely from the majority of the Duma, or, to speak more correctly, from the majority of its educated members. This means, of course, a surrender of the Government to the *cadets*, who, for all their failings, are still the most coherent and enlightened group in the Assembly. I have often had occasion to dwell on the weak sides of this particular party, and to criticise their views; but one need not belong to a party in order to recognize that it has to assume the responsibility of government. Quite apart from questions of Ministerial responsibility, three facts are quite patent to any one who has eyes to see. The bureaucratic *milieu* is mentally exhausted, and, besides, has rendered itself so hateful, that it could not continue in power, even if it were not composed of incapable and corrupt time-servers. The conservative groups of society have no standing ground at a time when the cry is for a root-and-branch reform. Further lingering in a state of indecision serves only to increase confusion, and to strengthen the downright revolutionary forces. Therefore, the sooner the staff of professors and lawyers which has been pushed forward by the last elections assumes governmental authority and responsibility, the sooner we shall get to some kind of settlement. When made responsible, they will have to acquire many habits of mind in

which they have hitherto been conspicuously lacking. They will have to devise some protection for order, economic interests, and culture, instead of concentrating their efforts on the work of pulling down existing arrangements. Should they entirely fail to realize the duties of such a new position, they will be estimated according to their real value, and will have to make way for others, instead of being credited with a supposed and never verified capacity of doing great things. Such a change would be of infinite value to the Conservatives, because it would liberate them from the inaction imposed by the

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supremacy of an entirely impossible officialism.

It remains to be seen, of course, how far the impetus of destructive forces would be stopped, even by such a measure as the creation of a government with the help of the Radical *bourgeois*. Anyhow, it is the only course which has any chance of succeeding. This may almost be a reason for its not being adopted, in the present state of perversity which characterizes the decisions and actions of the powers that be in Russia. The unfortunate country is like a ship on the high seas which has broken her rudder.

Paul Vinogradoff.

### "SOFT SIENA" AND HER CHILDREN.

"You are going to Italy, mademoiselle? You will visit the churches? Ah! there you will indeed find the *Dio Padre*, but you must not be shocked." The speaker was an old French lady with whom some years ago I was privileged to travel on the long road from Paris to Rome. "You English, you Protestants," she continued in explanation of a speech which, launched suddenly from the other end of an empty railway carriage, sounded enigmatic, "you put on your best clothes and you go to your church once in a week, and there *c'est fini*, you have too much respect to be happy. We others in France—well, at least we speak of the *Bon Dieu*—we are more at home; but in Italy," she shrugged her shoulders expressively and reverted to her original phrase—"in Italy it is the *Dio Padre* indeed. There, mademoiselle, you will find no reverence, as you understand it, *vous autres*. The churches are the playgrounds, the nurseries of the children, the resting-places of the mothers." I suggested that the idea was charming, but madame waved my observa-

tions aside with a derisive little laugh at what she evidently felt to be the futility of explaining to my Anglican comprehension the familiar terms upon which the people of Italy, and especially the children, stand to their Creator. Her remarks have very often recurred to my mind, but I have seldom felt the truth of them more irresistibly than one afternoon, a few weeks ago, in the Cathedral of Siena.

A service was proceeding with some apparent pomp and ceremony. At all events, the archbishop was officiating in gorgeous vestments and attended by the usual servitors. In the body of the cathedral, which was nearly empty, was that complete air of detachment from whatever might be going forward at the High Altar generally to be noticed in Italian churches. A few sight-seers, German and English, strolled about with their inevitable Baedekers, and explained to one another in audible whispers the beauty and the anatomy of the lions which support Pisano's wonderful pulpit. Near the great west door a baby was making her first val-

iant essays to walk unassisted, pattering noisily, with an occasional soft thud as she fell on the wooden covering of the mosaic pavement. In a corner an admiring grandmother muttered absently over her beads, whilst she proudly watched the child's progress. A few rows of benches in front of the altar were occupied by a handful of women in an attitude of devotion. But upon the front bench was the one genuinely interested member of the congregation. He was an extremely small boy, who might have been five, but his pinafore and tunic proclaimed him no older. With breathless attention his keen little eyes followed every movement of the archbishop and his assistants. That he was immensely impressed there could be no doubt, and when the little acolyte, not so many years older than himself, and perhaps an intimate friend, held up a silken cushion to receive the archbishop's mitre, his feelings altogether got the better of him. Sliding suddenly from his seat, he sped with the heavy-footed, sideway gallop peculiar to young children across the steps of the choir, and disappeared through the leather-covered door, which closed with a bang behind him. In another minute, however, he reappeared, dragging by the hand a brother quite considerably smaller than himself. Together they returned across the steps, under the very nose of the archbishop, with a great clatter of stout boots on the marble, but without appearing to attract the smallest notice either from the priests or the congregation. The smaller boy was then carefully hoisted and bumped down upon the bench by his elder brother, who scrambled up beside him, and in silent and absorbed concentration they watched the remainder of a ceremony which had evidently been considered altogether too fascinating for one unselfish-minded baby to enjoy alone. Well, here at all events the *Dio Padre* was re-

ceiving in His own house a meed of attention which, if familiar, was also extremely heartfelt!

The service over and the last long stare bestowed upon the archiepiscopal vestments before they vanished into the sacristy, the little boys raced heavily down the nave to join the baby, who by this time, weary with much exercise, had fallen asleep upon the pavement.

The majestic interior of the cathedral has undoubtedly proved to be a convenient day nursery for the children of Siena. Here in the cool twilight, under a grove of mighty black and white columns, they may safely play on wet days and fine, whilst their parents work in the fields and in the factories. They need no better protector than the old crone who sits at the great west door, and with her hand stretched persistently out to each passing visitor appears to claim some proprietary right to the treasures within.

But it is not only inside the cathedral that the children are so prominent a feature in the life of Siena, so integral a part, one might almost say, of her very stonework. Passing out of the west door, under the gorgeous many-colored façade, on to the sunny piazza, you will find the child life of Siena, the child life of the open streets, is in no wise to be entirely evaded.

"Say *Largo*, but do not lose your temper," is the admirable advice set forth in a certain little phrase book, and intended for the benefit of English travellers in Italy when beset by beggars. In Siena there are comparatively few beggars. The fairest of hill cities has known how to build up a new commercial prosperity upon her mediæval foundations as well as she has known how to preserve her mediæval mystery and charm. And in the course of centuries she has learnt also how to provide for her poor. From the founding babies in the convent of San Se-

bastiano to the old men in the large, airy rooms of the Campansa—a notable poorhouse—the needy of Siena and the surrounding country have ample provision made for them, and if there are still beggars in Siena, it is because begging is the most lucrative profession in Italy. But if there are few beggars, there are many children. They can only, indeed, be compared to the pigeons of Venice. As easy is it to cross the Piazza of St. Mark's unmolested by a fluttering crowd of supplicants, as to saunter through the streets of Siena when the schools are let loose without being followed by a little human flock with soft eyes and softer voices, the eternal burden of whose song is *francobolli 'estieri*. It is some years now since the mania for collecting postage stamps swept like a tidal wave over the youth of Italy. In the majority of places it has to a great extent receded, but in Siena, soft, frivolous Siena, it has apparently come to stay, and nowhere has the demand been more insistent. Cross the piazza of the cathedral, and pass under the mighty arches of the vast unfinished nave, the shaft of the window seeming to pierce the blue of heaven itself, and so down the steps by the baptistry—that graceful flight of steps up which the little Virgin in her blue gown should surely be seen mounting shyly to her presentation in the Temple. All the way, if you do not spurn them, you will find the children following—at a distance, for they are not as a rule aggressive, but the majority of them are in deadly earnest. One of the more rabid of these young collectors is carrying his stamp book, which he is anxious to display upon the slightest possible encouragement. Quite indifferent is he to the self-evident fact that it is market day, that the narrow street between the palaces is already over full, that a news-vender is determined to be the most prominent person in the foreground, and has at

ready collected an interested crowd about him upon the very spot which the boy has chosen. Equally indifferent is he to the imminent and perpetual risk run by himself and his sympathetic audience from the little carriages driven at reckless speed through the steep, paved streets of a city long governed by its nobles, where the lives of the *contadini* were of small account, and where the tradition died hard that only the rulers were allowed to drive. Until they are close upon him he ignores the plodding, relentless tread of a couple of huge white oxen, their wide horns sweeping clear the street from wall to wall, and behind them a long, swaying wagon, piled up with sweet green grass and many-colored flowers fresh from the hayfields below the city. A sudden dive into an open doorway, dragging, if your heart be not of stone, the young philatelist with you, by no means impedes the latter's flow of polite eloquence. If you have ever been a child—and it is a fallacy to suppose that this privilege is granted to everybody in its fulness of joy—you will by now have plunged your hand into your pocket in search of the last English letter. If you draw a blank, the ultimatum is probably accepted with cheerful resignation, for these children are easily satisfied with a little good-natured assumption of interest on the part of their prey. One brown, soft-faced boy with black eyes, more audacious than his companions, may, however, plant himself in the path of his English victim. His pleading voice is hushed almost to a whisper, for his schoolfellows must on no account share in so venturesome a suggestion. If there are no stamps to-day, will there be stamps to-morrow? Should he, Giovanni, come to the hotel? But here, if you are wise, the worm will turn, a state of veritable siege rising before your mental vision. No, certainly not! If there are stamps, and Giovanni, if that be his name, is to be

met with, he may possibly have them, but not at the hotel, and no promises! Forthwith, not knowing Giovanni and his kind, you will go light-heartedly on your way and forget his existence, whilst the boy shoulders his bag of books and trots off, content and submissive. You may be churlish enough to say *Largo*—of which, however, not the slightest notice will be taken—but you will probably not find it easy to lose your temper in face of such sunny insistence.

Was it, perhaps, this very insistence, this amiable refusal to know when they were beaten, which in the Middle Ages caused the people of Siena, that stronghold of the Ghibellines, to be held up to scorn by the strenuous Guefts of Florence for the frivolity of their temperament? Dante speaks of the *gente vana*, the vain folk of a city which at that time may have been aggressive in its prosperity, and not least so to the Florentine exile. Fazio degli Uberti, on the other hand, saw another side to the frivolity of his native city, which he speaks of as being full "of charming women and courteous men"; and there is no doubt that much of this mediæval charm and courtesy, allied with certain other qualities, inherited possibly from Ghibelline ancestors, survives in the population of Siena at the present day.

The woman selling her picture postcards in the little shop by the post-office will murmur *Pazienza—pazienza* if the desired point of view is not instantly forthcoming. Every church and every picture is well known to her, but she regards with kindly tolerance the *forestiere's* apparent ignorance of the treasures of her town. The septuagenarian who fulfils the work of two housemaids in the *pensione* up the street, waiting hand and foot, sometimes with more zeal than discretion, upon the English visitors, will never fall with her gentle "*è nulla, signora, è*

*nulla*," when thanked for the heaviest of her services. But it is in the Palazzo del Governo, that imposing palace with its grand façade of horses' heads in wrought iron, built for the family of the Piccolomini, that one of the most characteristic types of Siena, past and present, is still to be found. The librarian who watches with zealous personal attachment over seventy-two rooms of archives, documents, and other priceless treasures connected with the whole history and the art of Siena is very old and very lame, but he appears to possess in a marked degree the leading features of the Siennese temperament—a gentle courtesy and a very light-hearted obstinacy. Whilst the English antiquary in the party he is conducting clamors to be shown the land contracts of the fifteenth century which happen to be stored at least six rooms in front, this aged cicerone merely counsels patience, and continues to display, with infinite pride, the marriage contracts of Siennese maidens in the glorious days of the rule of the Nine, just a century earlier. He will expatiate for a full half-hour upon those days of prodigal splendor and prosperity under the Guelf predominance. Days when the greatest builders and sculptors of the early fourteenth century worked for the honor and glory of Siena; when the magnificent cathedral, which was so far to outshine its neighbor in Florence, was planned and partially reared; when a school of painting arose led by Duccio di Buoninsegna, which also bid fair to rival the more famous one of the neighboring republic. Days before the plague came to cut short the building, to bring woe and desolation for six long months to the *gente vana*, from which they only emerged to fall under the dominion of one tyrant after another, until in the sixteenth century the city capitulated to the Dukes of Tuscany. All this and more the antiquary will have to listen



to before he will see his land contracts; and the American lady who demands to see a letter written by St. Catherine will be courteously reprovèd and told that, whatever may be asserted to the contrary, Santa Caterina never learnt to write herself at all. That is his view, and she must abide by it. Before she is shown out, however, she will be allowed to look at a precious document concerning the canonization of the Saint in the handwriting of the famous Piccolomini Pope, Pius the Second.

In Siena, it has been truly said by a modern Italian writer, "the life of the Middle Ages still palpitates, every stone still jealously preserves and repeats the voice of its lost grandeur." And not the least of the legacies of this grandeur is the peculiar atmosphere of tranquil prosperity which pervades the city even to the present day. A quality of gentle and persistent gaiety, which never seems to have deserted the Sieneſe throughout all the changes and chances of their stormy history, may be partly responsible for this sustained air of prosperity. This gentle gaiety certainly found its way into their pictures. *Licet scuola fra lieto popolo*, so the school of Sieneſe painting has been described by Lanzi. The abundant use of gold leaf dear to these early painters no doubt helped to convey that impression of blitheness; and where else but from their own atmosphere and their own fields did they learn that daring and wonderful combination of colors which still lives in the robes of the saints and the stiff, primitive Madonnas on the canvases in the gallery of the Belle Arti? Such a thought irresistibly suggests itself to the ignorant and uninitiated stranger who wanders outside the city walls, through fields of brilliant pink sainfoin, recklessly splashed with scarlet poppies and blue cornflowers, and all set against a dazzling sky of gold and azure. But in the curly-headed *bambini* on the knees

of these Byzantine Madonnas there is not only a quality of gaiety, but also a very stately air of repose and dignity, which, it is not too much to say, may be observed in most of the children whom you meet in the streets of Siena to-day. These children are by no means all of them beautiful—far from it. Here and there a round-limbed baby suggests a model of Matteo di Giovanni or Sano di Pietro, or a child of peculiar pink-cheeked fairness seems to prove that the infant Neroccio di Bartolommeo loved to paint was indeed a native of Siena. But to nearly all of them, whether plain or pretty, seems to belong a little air of dignity distinctly reminiscent of the primitive school of painting, and not at all in keeping with the inherited frivolity of their dispositions.

They have none of the roughness of the rival youth of Perugia, nor yet the innate high-bred reserve and independence of the Florentine children, who play their elaborate games of noughts and crosses upon the steps of the churches with a haughty disregard of the passing stranger. Indeed, an eager interest in the stranger within his gates appears to be the most absorbing, and to the stranger sometimes embarrassing, occupation of the Sieneſe child. And it is by no means only the greed for postage stamps which ensnares his attention: he is ever ready to see what amusement may be extracted from the society of the foreigner.

Giovanni may accept his dismissal and vague promises of future benefits with the polite acquiescence of his race. But the next time that you emerge from your doorway, forgetful of his existence, you will undoubtedly find him waiting for you round the corner, with an air of concentrated but detached seriousness about his small person, whilst a group of younger boys and girls at a few yards distance watch his movements with mingled awe and curl-



osity. Presently he is following you, and you will have to realize that he intends to constitute himself your unsolicited guide and companion to the sights of his much-favored city. As easy is it to resist the forces of Nature as to withstand the gentle but unswerving purpose of a small street boy in Siena. On the whole it is, perhaps, better to submit to a comparatively unobtrusive tyranny, for he will trot behind you in perfect silence, and serve to keep at a respectful distance his more demonstrative companions. I have had some experience of Giovanni, amongst others of his kind, and I know his ways. The first time that I met him, one afternoon when his school was suddenly let loose upon my solitary meditations under the shadow of San Domenico, I was weak enough to produce an Indian postage stamp, and his gratitude was almost pathetic. Never had so beautiful a stamp been printed. The desire of his heart had been to possess an *Indiano*, he who already had only one stamp in the world; and forthwith the barrenness of the land was displayed to me. After that it was perfectly useless to turn a deaf ear when, in courteous accents, he assured me that he, and he alone, could safely conduct me to the Porta Romana, to the Church of Santa Maria del Servi. He followed me, submissive and silent, but in no way discouraged by what I fear must have been a very insular lack of response to his unsolicited advances. When we reached the market-place, he paused, and broke the silence to admire with me the soft stretch of undulating country which fell away from our feet. Behind us was the majestic brick building of the Palazzo Pubblico, with the Tower of the Mangia a beacon to country folk for many miles around. In the immediate foreground, smothering the trellis of a market-garden below, was that mass of pink roses which in the month of May runs riot over every

wall in central Italy, town cousin of the more fragile blooms which were decking the hedgerows out there on the blue Campagna. His tongue once loosed, Giovanni, with shining eyes, told me of the farm out in the country where his uncle lived, and where he was sometimes privileged to go and play on a *festa*. He told me of the oxen in their beautiful stalls, with their own names printed over them, and a statue of St. Anthony to preserve them from evil; of the donkey Giuseppe and the goat Rosetta, each equally well lodged and protected; of the trailing vines and the fields of blue flax, where the big green tree-lizards played; and of how—with kindling enthusiasm—the white sheep-dog, who was so gentle to him, Giovanni, sometimes caught them and swallowed them alive. I have visited the farm since then, and I have realized that, unlike the majority of Italians, the gentleness of the Sienese can extend itself to their dumb creatures as well as to their children, and, except for the fate of the lizards, I can fully enter into Giovanni's enthusiasm.

But meantime, in spite of the roses, the monster Scirocco was upon us. I had seen him that very morning, with his uncouth bush of hair and his puffed-out cheeks, the work of some monk blessed with an irrepressible sense of humor, emblazoned on a gorgeous missal in the cathedral library, and I knew better than to linger in his clutches. Moreover, the boy was getting anxious; his little band of distant followers showed signs of insubordination. So this time I meekly allowed him to lead me, which he did, not, perhaps, by the choicest streets; the Sienese do not, unfortunately, add cleanliness to their other virtues, but he was showing me the life of the place as he understood it. As he went along he explained to me his great ambition. It was to walk, when he was older, amongst the Alfieri on fête days, wav-

ing a banner of his own *contrada* or ward, hurling it in the air, and catching it again with a dexterous turn of the wrist, which requires such long and arduous training. Each ward—and the whole city of Siena is divided into wards—has its banner of gorgeous silk, beautifully embroidered, and there is no prettier or more picturesque sight to be met with in the streets than a group of these banner-carriers, practising, perhaps, for some festive occasion, whilst the wrought-iron banner-holders at the corners of the palaces are amongst the most distinctive feature of Sienese architecture. It is, of course, at the city's great annual *fiesta* of the *Palio*, held in the shell-like Piazza del Campo, that the banners play so important a part in the procession. Or at the solemn feast of Santa Caterina, when the streets of the Nobile Contrada dell' Oca, the Ward of the Goose, are guarded by white wooden geese, and the banners are tossed and waved, a whirling mass of color, all down the narrow street where Saint Catherine lived. Well, Giovanni is young yet, and who knows but what some day he may be throwing his banner in a gay company of young "Ancients"? at all events, the ambition will do him no harm. When at length we emerged upon the Piazza before the door of Santa Maria dei Servi, my guide showed no immediate intention of accompanying me within. Two of his more impertinent followers, who were close upon our heels, were caught and soundly cuffed, to my unspeakable gratitude, by a muscular young priest on the threshold, who apparently held revolutionary views as to the manner in which the Dio Padre was to be approached. When Giovanni followed me a few minutes later, he remained kneeling devoutly before the altar, no doubt in self-preservation, but with one eye attentively superintending my movements. Outside the church, the

straight, sunny road between an avenue of white acacias, the sweet-scented blossom falling thick upon the path, leads to the Porta Romana, and here my guide was content to leave me. The children never come beyond the city walls, though a group of pretty little girls smiled amiably upon me from under the great gateway as I passed through. For the little girls, if they do not demand postage stamps, evince at least as great a curiosity in the stranger as the boys.

Elisa, with her black eyes and blacker curls, and her lovely little face, which was always so extremely dirty, accompanied me in complete silence upon more than one expedition, responding merely with a broad grin whenever I addressed her. She went with me to visit the Angel Gabriel of the flaming wings in the little Church of San Pietro di Ovile, and it was on that occasion only that she opened her lips to inform me that the boys of that ward were not always polite. I had yet to learn that Elisa had no especial justification for her self-righteousness.

Nearly six hundred years have been added to the history of Siena since a little girl, wandering down the steep hill below the cathedral, and lifting her eyes above the austere mass of San Domenico on the opposite height, saw in a vision her Lord in glory, and received His benediction. It was the vision which first revealed to this child of the tanner the special genius and inspiration which, later, were to make her one of the most impressive women of her time and country and so remarkable a power in Christendom. Hers were that genius and inspiration which, allied with great strength of purpose, taught her to control a neurotic temperament and turn it to such great issues. And not only was she able to sway the wills of popes and emperors, and bring the most hardened sinners to repentance, but, no less notable in so

strong a personality, she has left an impression of womanly tenderness and very human friendship, according to the records of her time, upon all those who came into contact with her in the comparatively brief span of life allowed her by her tireless energy and self-privation. The steep path, the Via del Costone, down to the Fontebranda, is the same which was trodden by the feet of the little St. Catherine when she beheld her first vision, and the steep street up the valley of the dyers to her father's house is still trodden daily by little girls coming down to fill their pitchers at the fountain associated for ever with the Saint's childhood. Every romping baby in the gutter will pick itself up to show you the house of the Benincasa, the lower floor of which has been turned into the chapel of the *Contrada*, and the whole of it rather sadly modernized to meet the demands of devout sightseers. Only last year a small boy of San Gimignano, upon being asked his name, replied, with unhesitating and startling directness, "Guido Benincasa, cousin of Santa Caterina of Siena!" His statement was not altogether a rash one, for an uncle of St. Catherine did actually remove himself in days of adversity from Siena to the neighboring "town of the beautiful towers," and in so unchanging a community it is just conceivable that the urchin might claim descent from this kinsman. But it is a very different scene from any in which the child Catherine could have played a part with which I inevitably associate the Fontebranda. A fragile little boy, fair enough to have stood as a model for the Christ child in Pluricchio's Holy Family, had attached himself to me with the usual gentle persistence in the Ward of the Dragon. He was nursing a large and singularly plain baby when I first passed him on the steps of the Campana; but when I came out again he had disposed of the baby, and

was prepared to follow me to any point of interest that I might select. No matter that the hour was late, that the churches were closed, and that I had turned into this quiet refuge of old age and destitution for a little leisure. He was soon pattering behind me, with his stout little boots, down the narrow cobbled street, under its many arches, which leads through the Ward of the Goose to the famous fountain. As we passed the groups of little girls playing their last games before bedtime, I found myself wondering whether amongst them was any embryo St. Catherine, and what place there would be in the busy life of modern Siena for that particular gift of mystic inspiration. As we turned the corner, however, and came in sight of the Fontebranda, where the brown water gushes into the three basins below the lions' heads, my thoughts were rudely interrupted.

From under the colonnade, leaping, as it seemed, from the very water itself, came four water-nymphs, their heads crowned with dripping green weeds, and singing, as they danced to meet us, a weird chant, surely of heathen origin. The nymphs, it must be owned, were in torn and dirty frocks, but they were very lovely all the same. Here indeed were "nature sprites," come back in the shades of evening from the river in the distant country, back to their original haunt in the fountain of the city, which they had shared with the were-wolves, and from which holy men, and perhaps the child Catherine, had long ago banished them. The largest of these naiads, who hung back a little shyly upon recognizing my identity, proved to be Elisa, and I was a little shocked to remember that in human shape she had dared to venture with me into Christian churches. No wonder that her silence and her grin on these occasions had alike been obdurate. Naughty Elisa! her black eyes

were now dancing with mischief as she winked the water out of them which dripped persistently from her curls. Their mission was not, apparently, one of peace, and the attack was opened by the smallest and the loveliest of the party, a mere toddling nymph, who in human guise could hardly have been more than three. *Cattivo*, 'ttillo piped the baby's voice, whilst she rained blows with her tiny fists upon the gentle, unresisting person of my little guide. Instantly, and before intervention was possible, her example was followed by her elders, who should also have been her betters, including Elisa.

I was paralyzed for the moment by a sense of complete impotence, and bewildered by the chorus of bubbling laughter which accompanied this unlooked-for onslaught. What, after all, can a mere human being do against a band of naiades—and such rowdy naiades? The boy made no effort to defend himself, but he appeared to be neither frightened nor yet amused. His blue eyes merely looked a little more wistful, as some child saint's might have done before his martyrdom, and I felt that here was a contest between Christianity and Paganism, in which the powers of evil were too likely to prevail. At that moment, however, a good-natured, indolent young priest slouched out of a neighboring doorway and came to my assistance. Snatching up the baby, who had now turned her attention to the stranger, and, with a really angelic face lifted to mine, was chattering in a tongue I could not possibly understand, he explained that, according to the children's notion, the boy from another *contrada* was trespassing when he ventured uninvited into the Ward of the Goose. Then, no doubt observing my complete incredulity at so mediæval a suggestion, he added apologetically, "What would you, Signora? The *forestieri* give the children *soldi*, and it

makes them naughty; they are not so often"—and he stroked the baby's head quite as tenderly as if he thought she was a real baby. I liked this explanation still less, but honesty compelled me to admit that there might be truth in it. I preferred to think that these merry, ill-mannered water-nymphs, who were already scattering under a volley of soft reproaches from the priest, would presently disappear again into the fountain, exorcised, perhaps, for another hundred years. Elisa looked back at me as she ran down the street, her finger in her mouth, a little shamefaced, but a dangerous gleam of mischief still twinkled in her eye. Would she meet me again next day, I wondered, demure and gentle as usual, with only a grin? Well, she did not, and I have never seen her since; so I think of her weaving garlands by some woodland stream out there on the plain, meditating, perhaps, a fresh and mischievous attack upon the strongholds of Christianity.

But meantime the little Pinturicchio boy had vanished—slipped back, no doubt, into the canvas on the walls of the Belle Arti. There I found him next morning, strolling happily away from his mother's knee, one arm tucked into that of the little Baptist, and under the other the Book of Life, still unread—a plaything.

By now the great bells in the brick belfry of San Domenico were swinging above our heads for the Angelus. Up on the fortifications little groups of girls, much more human, but certainly less picturesque than Elisa, were telling their own and one another's fortunes by the petals of the dandelion. *Bello—brutto, da Siena, forestiere*, etc. It is a momentous question, this of the future husband, so momentous even to the frivolous child of Siena that it successfully distracts her attention from the passers-by.

From nowhere does Siena, the fair

city lying on her three hills, look more lovely than from the fortifications and the ancient ramparts of the old fort of St. Barbara. Go there on a spring morning, when the air is sweet with the scent of wallflowers from the public garden and the military band is practising in the barracks behind you. Lean over the wall and look down, a giddy height, to the silvery gray olives against the bare brown earth; at the budding vines trained from one pollarded tree to another, the twisted, stunted trunks having all the appearance of gnomes joining hands in a fantastic dance, here and there a flowery torch borne aloft where the tree has thrown out a solitary shoot of blossom. Across the valley of the tanners the cathedral, dazzling white in the morning sun, lies in graceful aloofness above the clustering brown roofs of the town. Or go again on a June evening, when the whole atmosphere is full of that gold which the early painters used so prodigally, when the wallflower has given place to sweetbriar, and when the old walls themselves are pink with valerian. From below comes the insistent sound of the hitting of the ball and the excited shouts of the players from the game of *Pallone*, which at this hour is in full progress. All about and around, as far as the eye can travel, is the wide, soft stretch of blue country. Far to the south lies the road to Rome, winding towards the Umbrian plain, through the distant mountains, which are now sinking into purple shadows. Away to the north, over the bare swelling uplands and down to the rich Tuscan country, goes the road to Florence. Here and there the fading light catches some white hill village clinging to its rock, or a sombre clump of cypress betrays the presence of an outlying group of buildings, or of a burial-ground. In the foreground the gnomes still absorbed in their grotesque dance, have now rather the appearance of Bac-

chantes, so luxuriantly are they crowned with vine leaves. From the campanile of the cathedral, clear cut against the transparent sky, bells of a softer tone are answering those of San Domenico across the valley. And the whole is wrapped in an ineffable velvet softness. Surely softness of atmosphere, no less than softness of character, has from all time won for this hill city the title of "soft Siena." It is an epithet more entirely comprehensible now, perhaps, than during the chilly winds of spring, when "soft" may apply to everything except the climate. But go when you will Siena will have her own charm, and, like every other Italian city, her own personality. And to discover that personality it is not sufficient to spend your time, however limited that must be, in the study of her more obvious treasures. As you hasten from the Belle Arti to the shell-like piazza whereon stands the Palazzo Pubblico, and from thence up the hill to the cathedral, you will probably, and with excusable impatience, brush aside the importunities of Giovanni and his friends.

If, however, you can bring yourself to linger a few minutes in the marketplace, or in the busy Via Cavour, at imminent risk to life and limb; if you can dawdle in the sunshine on the green plateau outside San Domenico, or on the steps of the cathedral; if you can even endure to be a little bored by the attentions of these friendly and frivolous children, you will learn something of the material from which those pictures were painted, get some glimpse, perhaps, into the minds of those who long ago helped in the fashioning of Siena's history and of Siena's treasures. For it is not only in her art, in the churches, the museums, and the palaces, but also in the life of her people, that is to be found that element of the eternal which is essential to all greatness.



## WILD WHEAT.

BY M. E. FRANCIS (MRS. FRANCIS BLUNDELL). AUTHOR OF "LYCHGATE HALL," ETC.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## THROUGH AN ATTIC WINDOW.

Bailliff Woods had, as he thought, finished paying the weekly wages of the men employed on Miss Manvers' estate, and was proceeding to lock up his desk, when the doorway of his office was darkened by a stalwart figure.

"'Pon my word, I was near forgetting you!" he exclaimed cheerfully. "I was just wondering to myself how I had so much money over. There you are, Mr. Hounsell!" When quite alone with Peter, the bailliff found himself unable to dispense with the prefix to his name. "That's all, I suppose?"

"No," said Peter, "there's something else. I want to leave—I want to get out of this place at once. You can keep that—" designating the money which Mr. Woods had pushed towards him—"instead of notice; that's the correct thing, isn't it?"

"Lard bless my soul!" exclaimed the other, astonished. "You do take I by surprise! Be ye going home?" he added, struck by a sudden thought, and his face clearing in consequence.

"No, indeed," returned Peter bitterly. "Nothing less likely."

Woods moved the lamp so as to get a fuller view of the young man's face, and was shocked at its haggard misery.

"Whatever be the matter wi' you?" he asked. "You do look terr'ble rough."

"It's nothing," was the reply, delivered with a laugh which, as the bailliff afterwards remarked, "cruddled" the blood in his veins. "I've just found out what a fool I've been—that's all."

"I did always tell ye so, didn't I?

But, steady now—steady's the word. Don't go from bad to worse, Mr. Peter. Shut the door, and sit down here for a minute. Take it cool, my boy, take it cool."

"There's no use my sitting down, and I haven't time. I want to get away before nightfall."

Woods sat down himself, and peered up at the underkeeper anxiously.

"Where be goin' to, then?" he inquired, after a minute.

"Oh, I don't know—I dare say I shall go on the tramp for a bit."

"On the tramp!" repeated Woods. "On the tramp, Mr. Peter! Whatever be you a-talkin' on? I d' 'low ye are not quite yourself to-night."

"I am perfectly sober, if you mean that. I—look here, Mr. Woods, I must be off; I can't waste any more time. Shake hands—you've been a good friend to me!"

Woods gaped at him for a moment, and then, darting from his chair with a celerity astonishing in a man of his years and build, locked the door, pocketed the key, and returned to his former place.

"Ye don't go off like that!" he cried. "I can't have ye rushin' off in thic mad way wi'out so much as knowin' where you be goin' or what you do want to do. I knowed your father well—I was always his friend in a respectful kind o' way—he done me a good turn more nor once; I'll not stand by and see his son destroyin' hisself if I can help it. Now bide a bit, Mr. Peter, do—that's a good lad—I'll not keep ye five minutes. Dear, to be sure, what's all this to-do about? I thought ye was a man."

The chance phrase was the best



which the old fellow could have hit on; it struck home to Peter even in his madness. After all, he must be a man, he *was* a man.

"There's a notion just come to me," went on the bailiff. "I can't make head or tail of why ye must be off in such a hurry, but I did always think ye'd find it onpossible for to stay here. I knowed that from the first. Now listen—if you be really and truly set again going home—"

Peter made an impatient movement more eloquent than words.

Mr. Woods shook his head with a scandalized air, and resumed:

"Well, if ye bain't goin' home, and if ye be still determined to earn your own livin', I know of a place what I think mld suit ye."

He fumbled among some papers in a drawer of his desk, and selected a letter.

"'Tis a gentleman what do live over t'other side of the county," he resumed, "over towards the chase, you know. He did write to ax I for a character for Jim Bridle. Well, I can't no ways recommend Jim Bridle—not for this place. 'Tis a more responsible place, do you see, than what he did have here—it 'ud take a different quality of man, so to speak, nor Jim. Jim have been discharged from another place since he left us, so I don't know as I could speak for en any ways. But if you would think o' the situation, Mr. Peter, I'd do my best to get it for 'ee, and I think I mld succeed. I'd say you was a-leavin' of we because you was too good for us—and that's true enough, the Lard knows! 'Tis eighteen shillin' a week, an' a house. I'm half-ashamed to mention such things to ye, but if you will go your own way—"

"I hope there's a suit of clothes included," interrupted Peter grimly. "I ought to leave these here for my successor, by the way, oughtn't I?"

"Oh, no call to do that—no call to do

that!" cried Woods, waving his hand handsomely.

"Miss Manvers will have a right to complain, though," rejoined Peter more seriously. "I think I will pay for these, and that will make it all square."

"She'll be terr'ble vexed at your leavin'," admitted the bailiff. "Well, now, see here, I'll write that there letter to-night, and ye mld get a answer on Monday. Mr. Ullington—that's the gentleman's name, seemed in a awful hurry—so he'd probably want ye early in the week. I wouldn't go traipsin' off to-night if I was you, Mr. Peter. Bide quietly at Meadway's, and make sure o' this chance. It be a chance," he added, deprecatingly; "in the walk of life you've chose for yourself now, Mr. Peter, it certainly be a chance."

Peter looked at him oddly, and after a moment's silence extended his hand.

"You are quite right, Mr. Woods," he said, "and I am grateful—exceedingly grateful. If I get this place I will do my best to do you credit."

"I'm sure of that," rejoined the other, rising and going towards the door, which he proceeded to unlock. "Ye'll want a few sticks of furniture for your cottage," he resumed. "I was thinking maybe the loan of a few pounds 'ud come in handy just to start w'. You could pay me back at your convenience. Your father done the same for me when I was a young chap, and got into a bit o' trouble. I wouldn't like it to be generally known, but I don't mind tellin' you, Mr. Peter."

"No, no," cried Peter, grasping his hand, "you are very good; but I don't need the money. I have a few pounds of my own that my mother put in the savings bank for me when I was a small boy. I forgot all about it, but I can draw it out now. Good-night, and thank you. I'll take your advice and go back to Meadway's house now."

He walked homewards through the plantation, half groping at times, for

the moon shone but fitfully, and the mists which clung about the almost leafless trees produced as deep a gloom as though the boughs were clothed; his feet fell heavily on sodden leaves and slimy moss, his heart felt like lead within him. The fierce passion of a little while ago had deserted him, giving place to an apathy which seemed to envelop him body and soul. Two of Mr. Woods' phrases lingered in his memory, piercing through this dull calm.

"I thought you was a man." . . . "The walk of life you've chose for yourself now."

He must bear his fate like a man; he must play the best part he could in the new sphere which he had made his own. Though he had once indignantly repudiated Miss Manvers' assertion that he was play-acting, he knew now that there was a certain foundation for the accusation. He had voluntarily lowered himself, but only as a means to an end; that end obtained he had fully intended to rise again, to resume, if not to soar above, his former station of life. But now power and will alike seemed lacking; he was irrevocably unclassed.

Prue stole one glance at him as he entered, and quickly averted her eyes. Though Peter, contrary to his wont, talked and laughed loudly during the meal, she was not deceived. When, refusing Mr. Meadway's hospitable invitation to smoke his pipe like a sensible body by the fire, he went out of doors for the purpose, Prue presently followed him.

He had been leaning over the garden-gate, gazing out into the dark trees dimly visible in the grayness of the night, but turned at sound of the opening of the house door. The flagged path was momentarily irradiated as she stood hesitating, her little figure outlined by the glow within; then closing the door she came noiselessly to his side.

She asked him no question, but her quiet, sympathetic presence was a relief to him. He was still young enough to feel that it would ease his heart to speak of the trouble which overwhelmed it; here was one who knew and could understand.

"Come a little way with me, Prue," he said; "come out under the trees."

She obeyed in silence; her foot slipped on the slimy path, and he caught her by the arm to steady her.

They paused when quite out of sight of the house.

"It's all over, Prue," he said. "She won't have me. There's somebody else."

"Oh!" cried Prue; and she wrenched away her arm the better to clasp her hands. Then, after a pause: "I guessed as much—I knew she was tricking you!"

Peter began an irritable protest: How was it possible for any one else to have made such a discovery when he himself had been so completely deceived? But suddenly he broke off:

"She said something this morning which made you suspect?" he exclaimed breathlessly, adding reproachfully: "You should have told me; you shouldn't have stood by and let me make a fool of myself."

"I did tell 'ee everything—every word she said," retorted Prue quickly. "It was the way she looked at the flowers—the beautiful flowers what cost ye such a deal. She did seem in such delight at first, and then—disappointed-like when I told her they came from you."

There was a pause; neither she nor Peter venturing to put into words the thought which was in the minds of both. Nathalie had expected a gift from another man. It was on that account, no doubt, added Peter to himself, that she had fixed her birthday as the limit of his probation.

He broke the long oppressive silence with a bitter laugh.

"A nice mess I have made of my life, haven't I? What shall I do with it now, I wonder?"

"Go home!" cried Prue, suddenly, in an odd little dry voice; "go back—it was only a mistake after all."

"No," he returned sullenly, "no; I am Keeper Hounsell now, and Keeper Hounsell I must remain—a working man who must slave all his days to earn his bread."

Prue was silent. He could dimly make out her little gray shape beside him, but it was too dark for him to see her face.

"Of course I am going away," he went on. "You understand, I couldn't go on living here where everything reminds me of her. There's not a tree—not a stone about this place, but is in some way associated with her, and with all I thought and dreamed about her; I should go mad if I stayed here."

He paused, but the girl did not speak.

"You should give me better advice than that," he continued after a minute, in a tone of bitter mockery. "Mr. Woods does. He knows of a place that he thinks will suit me; the wages are higher than what I get here, and there is a house. Think of that! A house for me to live in all by myself—I shall have a home of my own, my very own. A home—isn't that a prospect? Shall I accept this tempting offer or shall I enlist? I am almost inclined to enlist."

"Go for a soldier!" exclaimed Prue.

"Yes. A soldier has many chances—grand, glorious chances. A bullet through the heart—and there would be an end of Peter Hounsell! A very good thing for every one, and particularly Peter himself."

He heard a stifled exclamation beside him, and the wet leaves of the bush near which they had been standing suddenly flapped against him, showering cold spray; the patter of flying feet

sounded on the pathway, there was a flash of light as the cottage door opened and closed. Prue was gone!

Peter looked after her with an impatient sigh; after all, there was not much comfort in telling Prue; there was no comfort in anything. The mere voicing of his wrongs had roused afresh a storm of wrath and disappointed passion, and Prue's unlucky comment almost goaded him to fury. That Nathalie should have kept him hanging on, palpitating between hope and fear, for so many months, just on the chance that this aristocratic lover of hers might deign to remember her existence, revealed a depth of duplicity that was scarcely conceivable. What would have happened if the fine gentleman had indeed vouchsafed a token? Why he, Peter, would have been instantly sent to the right-about; his impotent ardors, his agonizing longing shaken off from her memory as she would shake the dust from her garments.

He set his teeth and ground his heel deep in the sodden ground. Maddening as would have been the humiliation, crushing the disappointment, it would have been better, he told himself, than the fate which had actually befallen him. Uplifted for five delirious minutes to the pinnacle of bliss, only to be dashed down to the lowest deep of despair and infamy. Yes, infamy! Till he died he would remember how she had shuddered away from his embrace—how she had well-nigh swooned with loathing. Surely she had sinned against him the unforgivable sin; offered him the deepest indignity which woman can inflict on man.

Summoned indoors at length by the querulous voice of Mrs. Meadway, who was anxious to lock up for the night, Peter mounted the ladder and threw himself heavily on his bed, but only to live through again and again that crucial hour of his life. After tossing for hours in restless misery, he got up

and went to the window which always stood open, seeking, half unconsciously, some relief to his physical wretchedness by letting the chill air play upon his burning head.

Presently, through the thin partition, he heard Prue stirring in her little chamber, and the casement on her side was thrown open. He did not move, and after a moment or two he caught the sound of muffled sobs.

The window was just large enough to admit of his head being passed through, and he thrust it out now, whispering quickly and irritably:

"Is that you, Prue? What are you crying for?"

"Oh, Mr. Hounsell," murmured Prue, "can't you sleep either? Oh, I—I—"

She broke off, sobs choking her.

"Hush, you foolish little girl," said Peter, impatiently. "What have you to cry for?"

In his passionate despair her childish sorrow jarred upon him.

She sobbed on for a moment, and then her casement creaked backwards a little more, and he could dimly see the outline of her head and face, as she too leaned out.

"You said—you said—you wanted to get killed."

He actually laughed; so this was the trouble!

*Longman's Magazine.*

*(To be continued.)*

"Well, wouldn't it be a good thing?" he inquired, not unkindly.

"Oh, don't, don't! Oh, Mr. Hounsell, you'll break my heart!"

"There, go back to bed; you'll catch your death of cold. Poor little thing, I shouldn't have frightened you!"

"But you won't really go for a soldier, Mr. Hounsell?"

He could only see the merest silhouette of her face, but her voice was very urgent.

"No," he said after a pause, "if it's any comfort to you, I'll promise not to be a soldier. I'll go on being a keeper, Prue, and I'll live in my beautiful new house. Will that satisfy you?"

"Oh, thank you!" came the answer, with a fervor which made him smile.

"Now, good-night, my dear. Go away from that window."

The window was closed, and all was silent again.

Peter sat musing for a little longer, feeling ashamed of his recent half-resolve as he thought of how it had affected Prue. The child had a true heart, he said to himself; she was probably the only being in the world who cared a jot whether he lived or died. Well, now he must go away and leave her; he must cut even this little tie as he had severed the rest. He must go out into the world alone.

## THE VEGETARIAN GUEST.

To the domestic difficulties of the close of the nineteenth century—the bicycling parlor-maid, the "between-girl" who insists on having tea at eleven in the morning, the rebellious daughters, and the cooks (in sporting phrase) very wild and strong on the wing—the twentieth century adds another for the hospitable,—the diner-out who with unabashed forehead proclaims himself a

vegetarian. Ten years ago he would have found it easier to say he was a Mahommedan. At that time the word might have suggested vague notions of elderly men wearing soft hats and long hair, eating dishes of cabbages and raving between mouthfuls, or spinsters with spectacles and propaganda; but it was suggestion and not actuality. And the heretic who broke from the faith

of beef and mutton was either effaced from the British dinner-table by self-banishment, or, if he found himself there, had at least to make a show of conformity.

Since then insidious changes have come about. Apart from a small but resolute set of persons whose motives rest on philosophic teaching, and those who, as patients, follow the advice of certain doctors, a considerable number of young people have been struck by a few conspicuous examples of athletes breaking from the venerable conventions and traditions of diet. The latter have deliberately, and very successfully, challenged the orthodox on their own chosen ground of sports and pastimes; and the prestige of the beef-and-beer school has suffered severe damage in consequence. This has been further undermined by the success of the Japanese against the Russians, the popularity of the former and their diplomatic relations with us drawing attention both to their triumph and the method of its achievement. The disciples of the newest faith were not slow to point out their abstemiousness and the resulting hardihood; and the movement continues vigorous.

The old-fashioned hostess, whose prejudices against feminine bicycling, motoring, unreticent novels, and neo-Germanic philosophy have one by one been trampled on and crushed until she is resigned to almost anything, might have learnt in time to tolerate even the vegetarian in the abstract; but when he now presents himself in a concrete form at her own dinner-table the situation is one for which her education has given her no guidance. Her distress, moreover, does not arise through her limitations. She, poor thing, primarily desires her guest's comfort and happiness, not having learnt enough philosophy to know any better; and a refusal of her meat-offerings is apt to leave her bereft of resources. Sometimes a

guest will dislike beef, or it will be forbidden by his doctor; a lamb-cutlet is the remedy if he is a reasonable creature. He who takes no butcher's meat is more of a nut to crack, in mixed metaphor; yet for him there is still chicken or pheasant, dressed after any recipe found in the part of a lady's newspaper that is not advertisement. But the man who will eat neither fish, flesh, nor fowl is a red-herring whose trail leads her into very unexplored regions.

So she gives him a special mess of potatoes, carrots, and turnips done as sloppily as possible by a cook with a lofty contempt for all gastronomical fancies; and he, clearly unable to refuse it, looks ruefully at the huge plateful before him, and wonders how much he can leave without impoliteness. After which ordeal he nibbles soft bread through the courses until pudding-time. Fortunately for him suet pudding is not the mode at our dinner-table, so he can probably take his part with the rest,—if the previous dish has not altogether stricken him. But thereafter anchovy or marrow savory gives him another period of idleness, perhaps the fourth or fifth since the beginning.

This state of things can hardly be anything but uncomfortable both to guest and hostess; and as the writer has had reason to sympathize with both, and believes that such embarrassments can be easily prevented, he ventures to put his experiences and conclusions at the disposal of those who entertain his brethren abstainers from flesh-food.

A preliminary word to the latter may be in season,—that it is most unfair for a newly-converted vegetarian, who intends to conform to his principles, not to take his hostess into his confidence when he accepts her invitation. It may be true—most probably it is so—that from the food provided other than meat he can get sufficient nutriment; but he must always remember that this



is a possibility which his hostess from her training is usually unable to realize. Beef-tea for the invalid, beef-steak for the robust, are the pillars of her simple faith; and the guest who refuses meat is as one preferring *Hamlet* without the Prince. And to a certain extent she is right. The modern dinner is the product of evolution, and the proper balance of foods has been struck in the process; the omission of the item of meat entirely destroys this balance and spoils the sequence.

The question to be solved is how far this can be rectified without disturbing the other diners. Let it be assumed that the guest has done his preliminary duty, and that the hostess is forewarned as to his aberration; what is her best course in the emergency?

In the first place she must, if possible, get more information. The tyranny of the word *vegetarian* has been pointed out elsewhere by the writer and others; it gives no more clue to a man's taste than the fact that he is not a teetotaler indicates his favorite wine. For example, a dish of lentils or butter-beans, properly prepared and cunningly flavored with mushroom, onion, and tomato, would be wholly vegetable, and its flavor might wring reluctant approval from a professional epicure; but it might be worse poison to one of Dr. Haig's patients than the other guests' portion. And poached eggs, besides blazoning the guests' singularity in conspicuous white and gold, are entirely distasteful and forbidden to the fruitarian.

Further data therefore are required. and perhaps a nice exercise of tact in getting them without undue cross-examination of the guest or worrying his family. The rough method of cutting the knot by asking the guest's own assistance in his part of the bill-of-fare may here be noticed, but not commended. Apart from the natural embarrassment of a man asked to dictate

to his hostess about his dishes and the proper way to dress them, the guest is in such case deprived of the pleasing charm of uncertainty which is the right of every diner-out, and sits down to his meal in the spirit of the school-boy resigned to his weekly resurrection-pie.

Between the one extreme of seeking no information and the other of asking too much lies the golden mean of getting sufficient and no more. Circumstances will often give a clue; a middle-aged sportsman who has suffered from gout is likely to be under doctor's orders, whereas a healthy young man with a tendency to hero-worship may be under the influence of some humanitarian; the lady who holds the theory that she belongs to the lost tribe of Ephraim and dabbles in astrology will probably take nothing grosser than Brazil-nuts, unless she changes her mind between invitation and feast, and insists on a simple diet of minced beef through all the courses.

The time is certainly ripe for vegetarians to be properly classified, a task which may be commended to those in authority at their councils; but, with the warning that some individuals may be placed under two headings, the writer ventures to give a provisional classification of his own, premising that he does not consider those who eat poultry and game, or even fish, as vegetarians at all. On this basis the widest class will include those who abstain from these foods and butcher's meat, usually from humanitarian motives. As a rule, these will eat any dish made of ordinary edible vegetables, cheese, milk and butter, and probably eggs; these might be called inclusive vegetarians, or, better still, simple vegetarians. This is the easiest class of all for the caterer. A smaller number exclude eggs only from this list, and as the average hostess is apt to believe that eggs are the only possible substitute for beef-steaks (though



even then very inadequate) the guest in this category ought to be able to let her know his peculiarity. In fact he wants a label, and the task of inventing an appropriate one may be commended to ingenious minds. The writer can only think of the hideous device of the *eggs-clusive* vegetarian and hopes some one else will be more fortunate.

Freedom of choice is still more restricted to those who follow the methods and advice of Dr. Alexander Haig and his school; and the crippled sportsman who could convey his wishes in two unexpurgated words to his prospective hostess, when under this treatment for gout or rheumatism, would probably be grateful for the opportunity. He would then be known as a non-purin vegetarian; and peas, beans, lentils, mushrooms, eggs, and asparagus would all be on the proscribed list.

A few persons exclude eggs and also milk and milk-products, and these might claim that, with due regard to accuracy, they only were entitled to be called vegetarians, just as some inhabitants of the Channel Islands are reported to hold that England belongs to them rather than they to England, because they still represent its Norman Conquerors. But neither claim is practical, and the secondary meaning of the word *vegetarian*, as one who abstains from meat but not necessarily animal products, is too firmly established to be discontinued. Literal vegetarians might be used to describe these folk; strict vegetarians might do, but this combination has also been used to describe those who do not allow themselves to be bullied or cajoled into taking meat occasionally,—a class probably increasing.

Then there are those who do not eat ordinary garden or root vegetables and subsist on fruit (including nuts) and cereals. These may be called fruitarians. A few fruitarians include milk, butter, and cheese; perhaps these might

be described as mixed fruitarians. They would reject all such dishes as potatoes, beet-root, carrots, lettuce, celery, and so forth. As a matter of botany, or logic, perhaps they ought to except tomatoes and peas and beans; but practically the hostess will do best to assume that these also are excluded.

To complete the list, mention should perhaps be made of those exalted persons who will eat fresh fruit and nuts only and refuse food over which the fire has passed—a handful of occultists and mystics who would not be likely even to sit down at a table on which meat was allowed to appear. It will be assumed here that they present a problem with which the ordinary hostess is not likely to be troubled.

When this good lady has captured her vegetarian, and, if possible, successfully classified him, she has to face her practical difficulties. These will principally lie in the earlier part of the meal, and her problem is to keep him entertained, occupied, and nourished with good food within his rules while those known in the select circles of Farringdon Street, by the abhorrent term *kreaphagists* are consuming their "scorched corpse" in various disguises.

One consideration that the hostess should by no means ignore is that her guest's tastes or principles should not be indulged in a manner conspicuous enough to cause him any possibility of discomfort. An opponent of vegetarianism,—the sort of person who signs himself Manly Britisher when he deigns to give his opinion to newspaper readers on the subject—might say that if a vegetarian is such a poor creature as to be ashamed of his principles he ought not to be accorded any indulgence; but a kindly hostess should see a little further. No sensible vegetarian ought to be afraid of his diet in any company; but he is as much entitled to the graces of modesty and polite self-effacement as any other civilized gentle-

man. This modesty, and the natural hesitation of any considerate man to force opinions of his own on people plainly not sharing them, is somewhat strained when in a solemn and silent pause after the soup and before the other guests are supplied with fish, boiled or poached eggs are set in front of him,—*crede experto!*

So far as possible then, any special dishes for him should be supplied to him at the same time as others are receiving their portions, and a tactful and ingenious hostess may even set herself the task of making up his food in some resemblance to that which she supplies to her other guests. If he is an ordinary vegetarian it need not be especially difficult; and even with the fruitarian a little dexterity with the dark brown "nut-meat" or "Vejola" might serve to deceive an unobservant neighbor and preclude any necessity for an apology, probably known by heart to its speaker.

Of course, it is here assumed that the ordinary guests will be given the food to which they are accustomed. On one occasion the writer sat down with nine other entirely unconverted people to a dinner of several courses, every item of which he could take, and all rose entirely satisfied; but it is not every one's privilege to know a lady of such brilliant resource as his hostess on that occasion, and the vegetarian guest cannot at present expect such indulgence. If he is supplied with his own food unobtrusively, he should be more than content.

As a practical matter, each course may now be considered in detail. Passing by *hors-d'œuvres* which can be refused by any guest without difficulty (such things as olives, etc., might be put before the vegetarian in lieu of the usual anchovies) there will be the soup. Often two sorts are supplied, clear and thick; and to save trouble, a simple expedient is to have one soup of which the

vegetarian can partake. There are several clear soups which can be made in conformity with his wishes and yet be palatable to others—the writer has tasted one flavored as from meat-stock which he would have supposed an ingredient if he had not known that that was impossible—but the ordinary *julienne* and other stock-soups are too popular for innovations, and the hostess will probably prefer that the *purée* should be the chosen one. There are many good recipes,—potato-soup, artichoke and tomato, pea-soup, or even chestnut-soup for the fruitarian; but let her carefully bear in mind that thick soup with a basis of meat-stock, though labelled and flavored with tomato or any other vegetable, is not "a proper dish to set before"—a vegetarian. It is possible he may take it, and also possible that he may not find out its composition, either then or later; but to allow him to do so must be stigmatized as trickery, and a guest who found out such deception would be very well justified in refusing any further invitation from the same source. And the experiment would as likely as not be unsuccessful if tried on a vegetarian of any standing whose taste would probably be sharpened by his diet. If the taste is masked or disguised the consumer may again discover the trick by discomfort later on,—for which he will be duly grateful—because the toxins in meat act as a poison in his purified veins.

When the fish comes the vegetarian can no longer join in the same fare as the rest; he cannot even keep himself going with potatoes and other vegetables as he can later on in the meal, unless perhaps there is egg-sauce and he eats it on his bread—a proceeding not very refined. Some light dish therefore may be provided for him. If the hostess adopts the suggestion offered above, butter-beans somewhat resemble white fish in color and the task of turning out

a butter-bean fritter, according to recipes found in any vegetarian cookery-book, to look like a fried sole would not be a difficult one. But, of course, this dish would not suit a non-purin vegetarian.

After the fish there will be at least two meat-courses which to the unregenerate constitute the serious part of the dinner; and with proper contrivance the vegetarian may be congenially occupied. Before making particular suggestions, a general survey of the position may be useful.

The lore of proteids and albumenoids is to-day babbled in the half-penny newspapers and very likely in the school-room and nursery; every one therefore knows that when the ordinary diners take their meat they have their proportion of flesh-forming ingredients. The vegetarian will also require his share of protoid; by taking an unduly large helping of cheese at the end of the meal he may be able to equalize matters with the others if he does not have a special dish, but this is not a comfortable proceeding, and the end of the meal is not the right time for concentrated nourishment; there is a reason why cheese comes there at an ordinary dinner but it is not applicable to the vegetarian. The special dish, then, should, so far as nourishment is concerned, be of equal or similar value to meat, and the old-fashioned hostess, who imagines that adequate substitutes for beef and mutton in this respect cannot be found, may look in any modern table of food-values and find she is very greatly mistaken. Probably the table will not convince her, and she will continue to think that there is some subtle life-giving essence in butcher's meat not contained in other nitrogenous bodies; but the point is that her guest and his hunger will be amply satisfied by the substitute if it is palatably served to him. And she may console herself by the doctrine ascribed (per-

haps erroneously) to Christian Scientists, that if certain animals think thistles wholesome, then they will inevitably find health and nourishment on this diet.

Thistles will not be included in the food-tables; but a glance down the column of proteids will at once show that peas, beans, lentils, nuts, and cheese contain percentages for the most part higher than meat, and from these she will do well to make her choice.

An unconverted stranger who enters a vegetarian restaurant may experience a mild amazement when he hears such familiar combinations as chop and tomatoes or steak and *sauté* being ordered; a reference to the bill-of-fare will show him that haricot chop or lentil steak is in the list of savories, and an actual trial will teach him that chops, steaks, fritters, and cutlets are what he might call *rissoles*, made up like meat-*rissoles* or fish-cakes and usually of about the same solidity. These, as their rather absurd names indicate, take the place of meat in the non-carnivorous scheme, and alike for the vegetarian and meat-eater the chop has one function and the light and juicy tomato has another, and these functions are not to be confounded.

The ordinary savory will have some basis of peas, beans, or lentils, and properly prepared is a dish which will satisfy any healthy person's taste and appetite. With it may be handed the vegetables prepared for the other diners, and the guest so indulged may consider himself very well treated. For non-purin vegetarians macaroni may be substituted for peas or lentils, though it is somewhat less nutritious; or a nicely dressed dish with a chest-nut basis may prove a sympathetic accompaniment to the host's latest stories.

Another point which must be remembered is that the ordinary diner has great aid to his digestion because he

cannot swallow his meat without using his teeth properly; but from the residue of food which he shares in common with the vegetarian, all bran and husks and other incentives to mastication have been carefully removed. Even with the rigid discipline that is generously ascribed to the vegetarian, he will find an effort of will in keeping soft food in his mouth for more than a moment or two without swallowing it; one authority has remarked that the ordinary process of taking porridges and puddings and similar food could more correctly be described as drinking than eating. Two obvious inconveniences result from this, and probably the vast majority of vegetarian failures and backsliders. In the first place, the food does not receive a very necessary preparation for its reception, and is therefore indigestible; in the second, there is a temptation to take too much of it to eke out the time consumed by the other guests more fortunately situated in this respect. Therefore,—and this is a matter of primary importance—the vegetarian must have something to bite. If a *soufflé* or anything soft is supplied to him, it should be placed on fried toast if possible, and the present practice of supplying toast to diners instead of soft bread must be regarded also as doubly important to him. It should be seen that the supply does not run short, as sometimes happens; and the simple expedient of cutting the pieces of varying thickness will ensure that each person can suit himself and his teeth in the matter of crispness. Triscuits and shredded wheat or other biscuits can be substituted for toast, but the latter is the simplest and best for the purpose.

And above all, and at the risk of repetition, no sloppy food, which is probably unwholesome in any case, but, if the writer's experience is any test, is more trying for vegetarians than for mixed feeders. One or two slices of

boiled beef may combine with water-logged carrots, turnips, and cabbages into a nutritious meal; but without the boiled beef such a dish is neither nutritious, appetizing, nor digestible. Soft food may be enjoyed: a lentil cutlet or chestnut *soufflé* is soft, but if properly made not sloppy; and even with these chipped or *sauté* potatoes may be given, if they conform with the general scheme of the dinner to the rest.

Another urgent counsel,—and once more, against preconceived notions—rather give the vegetarian too little than too much of his special dishes. The very foolish error that a vegetarian requires a sloppy diet of four times the bulk that a "sensible person" takes dies hard, and leaves as a legacy the impression that he requires at least more food than the unconverted. If he was so ill-advised as to try subsisting on potatoes and cabbages, probably he would; but on diet judiciously chosen he requires not more, but usually less than other people. The old mistake lingers even in vegetarian restaurants. The writer has seen an attractive young lady with a plateful of a patent food whose very proprietors have to warn the public that a little goes a long way, and of which a tablespoonful is a generous allowance; this food, whose chief virtue is a gritty crispness which makes it digestible, she proceeded to make into an emulsion with milk and then consume, while her neighbor, deficient in the moral courage to explain her many mistakes, looked on helplessly. She returned the next day, looking none the worse; but the soundest constitution will not stand this sort of thing long, and it has no part in a sane vegetarianism.

To sum up, the hostess who desires the comfort of her particular guest, and is willing to take a little trouble to this end, will supply soup which he can take with the rest, and thereafter, until the sweets, one or perhaps two special

dishes for him, and dry toast,—and if he has to dispense with the special dish or the toast, let it be with the former. Such dishes will be in lieu of those with a meat-basis supplied to the other guests and composed to this end. A choice of two will also allow for the personal equation.

The sweets will probably be neutral ground for all guests, so not much need be said about them. But it must be remembered that the frutitarian does not usually take anything made with eggs; and, a matter for all vegetarian dishes, lard ought not to be used either in frying or otherwise. Butter (or oil) is the usual substitute; cocoa-nut butter can be obtained for frutitarians, as the advertisements in vegetarian papers will show.

Finally, a few words about the savory. The writer suggests that, in this instance only, the hostess might allow her one guest's principles to modify her bill-of-fare for the rest, and that the savory for all should be a vegetarian dish. In the first place, the cook who cannot make a decent savory with cheese, eggs, mushrooms and every herb as possible ingredients does not know his business; in the second a special dish would here be very conspicuous, which, I repeat, is to be avoided; and in the third a pungent spatch-cock,

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or nicely done marrow on toast, may transform the dinner-table for the neophyte to a moral battle-ground between principle and inclination, which no kind hostess would desire, whatever the result. The ordinary vegetarian has no craving for beefsteaks (popular delusion notwithstanding) but the savory is the cook's last word, and subtler. One of Mr. Bernard Shaw's characters explained that she drank champagne after signing the pledge because she was "only a beer-teetotaler"; most vegetarians are of sterner stuff, but to avoid needless temptation is a sound canon.

A very slight experience of vegetarian cookery will dispel another myth,—its fabled monotony. New dishes can be invented by any good cook at any time, and a *bon vivant* who was left a large income so long as he was a vegetarian might wake up to find his existence not only tolerable but positively pleasant. If this ever comes to pass, and some wealthy and cynical testator thus diverts himself at the expense of his heir, the above hints may be acceptable to the mothers of eligible daughters and all other hostesses,—including those from whom at least one vegetarian has received sympathy and consideration to which a fanatic, and therefore a nuisance, has but the scantiest title.

Alfred Fellows.

## THE FAIRWAY.

Except that he called the gipsies the "Johnnie Faws," there was little of the rustic in his speech; and as he told the tale we seemed to see them, these Johnnie Faws, coming down the hill on that wild January forenoon. They did not come by the Portsannet road—it would have passed mortal eyes to find a road in the whirl and scurry and drift of white he described—but spread out like

pheasant-beaters, crying one to another in the Romany, sometimes flung forward by the tempest, sometimes huddled down and covered over almost entirely by the snow. Perhaps the fact that he had been a schoolmaster accounted for an occasional positiveness in his manner,—it seems to remain with schoolmasters to the end of their days,—and he was an old man, who



must be let talk after his own fashion. He told us how the wind swept out the tracks of the Johnnie Faws behind them, and how the South Ness women looked compassionately on their wilder sisters, who did not cover their breasts once in ten years, but who had sought refuge from the storm, as the hares and foxes had done before them; and then he wandered off again, schoolmaster-wise, to tell us how the footprints of a fox over the snow made but a single line, and how a hare would lie at form, and what sort of tracks a robin made. . . . By-and-by he took up his tale again.

"—So we knew it was bad when the Johnnie Faws came down. Queer people—dark, whipcord-looking fellows, and one singularly handsome woman, very swarthy and black-eyed. I remember our women looked at her as if—as if—but our women lived in houses, you see. . . . Well, first of all we asked them about the *Lizzie Martin*; but they'd never heard of her. Was she a South Ness boat? they asked. Next we asked them if there was much snow on the Heights; and they answered, No; the Heights were swept clean, but a man could not stand upright there for the wind. No snow was falling, they told us; all was being whirled up from the ground again, dry and powdery. There was one fellow they called Nunan. He carried a knife and wore gold earrings and talked in a shrill, eager voice; and he told us how up there the white world and the pale apple-green sky was one brilliant intermingling that spun and sparkled in the cold sunlight and smoked. . . . We asked them where they had left their horses. It seemed they'd dug a way for them under what looked like the lee of an old quarry, in an immense drift: they would weather it as best they could, as sheep do.

"The Johnnie Faws moved restlessly up and down the village; but most of

them gathered at the 'Dotterel,' though they drank nothing. The greater part of the time they were silent, but occasionally they all talked at once in their own tongue; and I dare say we shouldn't have had any tidings of Portsannet at all if the group about the door of the 'Dotterel' hadn't quarrelled, or seemed to. It was something about a slipper-brake. It appeared that one of their men, Osa Couper, had turned down into Portsannet earlier in the day, before the storm had got quite so bad, to get a new hook or rivet for this brake. He had promised to overtake them; but (they said) somewhere over yonder—over the Heights—a man with a pair of long wooden runners on his feet (it was Andrews, we learned afterwards, mate of an old Norwegian timber-barque, turned farmer)—Andrews—had suddenly appeared among them from nowhere in particular,—just dropped in on them from out of the smothering white, and had advised them to avoid the shelter of the hollows: the hollows, you see, were drifted, but the short brown grass showed on the tops. Then Andrews had reported that a tall, Egyptian-looking fellow had flung himself into the Portsannet boat as she had put forth for the second time that morning; and then all at once the Johnnie Faws had missed him. He had seemed to vanish while they had all thought he was talking to Osa Couper's woman yonder. . . . Of course we asked again if it was the *Lizzie Martin* they had put out for; but they didn't know.

"You know what South Ness is like—houses at all levels, and how you can step from the door of Broadwood's house yonder almost on to the 'Dotterel' chimneys. Well, if the Heights were swept, we had the sweepings. We were blocked with snow up to the chamber windows,—the bedroom windows,—and there was the right of way through anybody's yard or passage or

kitchen that was convenient. I remember it interested me (perhaps it won't interest you) the way the wind seemed to have been deflected from the houses in a sort of backwash. It had made great scoops and trenches, ten foot high and clean-cut at the edges, as if shaped in marble; and men and women passed up and down these trenches. These cliffs, as you might call them, darkened the interiors of the cottages; and the wind hooted in the chimneys, just as lads blow across the barrel of a key. Farmers with shovels, frozen over white as snow men, returned from digging out their cattle, but the fishermen idled moodily. The cobbles and smacks tossed down in the harbor; but the wind drowned most noises except that of the surf away out on the Spit, and that was like continuous explosions. This was only midday, you know, but you could see nothing but white—white; bits of ice like diamonds on your lashes; and here and there a bit of blue or apple-green sky, all tossed together. I thought I had never seen anything so wild and beautiful; but then, I hadn't a *Lizzie Martin* out. . . .

"*Lizzie Martin*—the woman, not the boat—kept the 'Dotterel.' She was a pleasant body, plump (when she was twelve or thirteen she had one of these creases round her neck that means a double chin later on), and she was very honest and comfortable and motherly, though she hadn't a child—just then. About two o'clock three of the gipsies had come into the 'Dotterel,'—four, if you reckon the babe at the handsome woman's breast,—and they sat over by the snowed-up window. There would be a dozen or so men round the hearth; but nobody was drinking, and nobody said anything in *Lizzie's* presence about what we'd heard of this *Osa Couper* and the *Portsannet* boat, you understand. Now and then the child gave a little throaty cry, and once or

twice *Willie Harverson*—he was a young giant, and his curly head always looked too little for his shoulders when he'd got his two or three winter ganseys on,—*Willie* had told her to bring the child nearer the fire. But she had only shaken her head and pointed behind her at the window. The panes had warmed a little, and the snow had peeled a couple of inches from them and then frozen again. Except for that narrow gleam of cold light, you'd have thought it was evening, for the candles were lighted, and they swealed and guttered every time the door opened. The gipsy woman had opened her breast again,—a sort of sling to carry the babe passed across it,—and she looked straight before her, like a handsome statue, a beautiful animal—like everything else in nature except this self-conscious creature man. . . . I can't tell you; never mind. . . .

"*Willie* told her again to come near the fire, and then up piped *Nunan* in his high, eager voice. She'd do there till her man came back from *Portsannet*, he said (they didn't seem to doubt that he'd gone out with the boat). I remember *Willie* muttered, 'Christ rest his soul for a brave man if . . .' You see, the *Portsannet* boat was an old *Greathead* boat, nearly as old as the century, fit for chopping up for kindling any time this five-and-twenty years; but ours at *South Ness* was a new, thirty-three-foot boat, mahogany, double-banked, self-emptying, self-righting, nearly seven hundred pounds, with belts and tackle and carriage. She'd only been out twice, and there wasn't a scratch on her blue and white. *John Broadwood* was cox. I knew what *John* thought of their chances of getting round the Spit if they were to put out; but they were so proud of the new boat that they were eager as lads to try it. Men were watch and watch about down at the boathouse, where they could see if *Reuben Ward* sig-

nalled from the station on the hill; but it wasn't our day. With the wind due north, if a boat cleared Portsannet Head she cleared the Spit too. It was Portsannet's turn, and the old boat's. . . .

"The men in the 'Dotterel' then were talking about the boat, when suddenly I heard John Broadwood say 'Whisht!' Lizzie stood there in the doorway, under a model of a brig in a glass case there used to be. 'Did some of ye call?' she said; and the men shuffled their feet and shifted about on stools and benches.—'We told ye not to bother, Lizzie,' Broadwood says; 'we'll wait on we'rselfs.'—'It must ha' been the babe I heard,' says Lizzie; 'let her bring it near th' fire, Willie.' But the woman said again that she'd do till Osa Couper came; and Lizzie asked Nunan if he wasn't her husband."

He paused; and when in a minute he resumed again, there was the same magisterial, slightly querulous note in his voice that we had heard before—the schoolmaster's note.

"Before we go further, let's understand one another," he said. "When I said that Nunan had a knife, I saw some of you anticipating—making ready—saying to yourselves, Ah! knives mean stabbing; never mind your comments; come to the tale and the knife! Well, you're wise in your day and generation, but for all that I think you're a little wrong too. The tale's a good deal, but the man who tells it is also something. I could show you Willie Harverson's house, and you'd gape round for five minutes with your caps in your hands, thinking—well, goodness knows what you'd be thinking! You've seen 'em, perhaps, tourists, open-mouthed, in the room where somebody was born or died. To me it would always seem stupid if it weren't so comical. Facts are neither the most interesting nor the

most important things in the world—not that sort of fact. The knife was a fact, and we're coming to the knife; but it's a good deal like other things in life you look forward to—nothing when you get it. One of these new writers I don't pretend to understand says there are two tragedies in life—not getting what you want, and getting it. I know I used to think that if ever I became head of a decent grammar-school; . . . well, I've been head of a grammar-school. When I'd got that I wanted something else; and so on. And here I am, back again where I was born, with grammar-schools and such like all behind me. Garrulous, too. . . . But tragedy or not, there's little satisfaction in getting things. You see, you don't drop dead in the perfect, glorious, fit moment when you attain 'em. Life goes on, a dull, stretched-out anti-climax; and there seems to be only one finish to it all. I'm an old man, and probably nearer it than you. . . .

"So when Lizzie asked Nunan if he wasn't the handsome gipsy's husband, there was John Broadwood shaking a great fist with a blue anchor on it over Lizzie's shoulder, and Willie making foolish shapes with his mouth without a sound, and Jemmy Wild hawking in his throat and knocking his pipe out noisily; . . . but Nunan popped out with it—about Osa and the guns at Portsannet, and so on—and then he spluttered out a 'Hey! Would ye do that, man?' You see, Willie had clapped his hand over his mouth, and there was a wicked gleam in Nunan's eyes, and his hand went to the small of his back where the knife was; and that's all about the knife, except that the woman told Nunan to sit still.

"But Lizzie was trembling pitifully; and when I saw her eyes go round the men I backed away behind the settle, so that somebody else might tell her. Then her head came down on her arms and thumped on the table, while Nunan

sulked. We watched her broad back heaving; and then all at once she threw up her head. 'Oh, hear it goyling down the chimley!' she cried; and I saw John Broadwood biting his pipe hard; 'Frank—Frank o' th' Lizzie Martin—ye were his mates, and here ye sit—he called her after me—she were Lizzie Martin afore I were—I were Lizzie Collision o' th' Heights—' . . . Broadwood bade her Whisht! whisht! but she went on. 'It were a Valentine's day, a Thursday, and he come into th' kitchen that morning—Jess never barked when he came courting, but she'd never let him go without I took him to th' gate—' . . . And so on, young gentlemen. Lizzie and Frank had seen the valentine from the top of the hill, on the sea below, as if on a sheet of glass. 'Don't, Lizzie!' says Broadwood, choking; 'we can't bide to hear ye!' . . .

"John Broadwood was a fine, independent, self-sufficient sort of fellow, with a good deal of John Broadwood about him altogether, but he broke down. Lizzie's eyes, wandering wildly, fell on the gipsy woman and the babe. The gipsy's husband, for anything we knew, was in peril too; but I think it was something else that came over Lizzie—the sight of the child: I see you understand. She sobbed something—I didn't hear what—and the gipsy woman turned, quite unmoved, and looked at Lizzie from head to heel. 'I see your time's coming,' she said, 'and them that lives in chambers of stone need comfort; come then.' And with that she moved the babe in the sling, and produced an old pack of cards. Strange folk. . . .

"They say symbols are what you take them for, or else a cross might just as well be a gallows, but those cards looked very secular to me. It was a grim, cheerless power that those were a symbol of. I think Lizzie thought so too, for the sight of them seemed to bring her round a little. She knitted

her fat fingers together on the gipsy's knee and sank to the floor. 'Nay, woman,' she said, 'we'll have a surer comfort than that, you and I'; and the woman glanced from the cards, as she cut and cut them, to Lizzie's head on her knee, incuriously. . . . I went out. I'd seen one or two of the men glancing at the door, as if they'd have liked to be on the other side of it; but I just walked out. I thought I'd take a walk—to see Reuben Ward at the station.

"Coming out of the candle-light, I blinked like a flitter-mouse. The sky was still a keen blue, with the snow whirling and glittering and dancing; but the light was dying, and I guessed it would be about half-past four—the hands of the schoolhouse clock were fast frozen to its face. I turned up the blacksmith's alley to get a shovel: it was smooth to the eaves with snow, and little wisps and curls played on the surface like smoke. The wind was blowing big guns intermittently, and in the intervals I could hear the thunder of the Spit. I set out for the station, and in a dozen yards was up to my waist in a river of snow.

"There was a windmill before you came to the station. There's one yet, but it's a dummy—a sailing-mark for ships, and the Board of Trade looks after it. It worked in those days, and belonged to a fellow called Rhodes. I was a strongish chap, you must know, not so tall as Willie Harverson, but as broad, or thereabouts; but by the time I reached the mill I was glad enough of its shelter. And then I looked up, and backed away again. The sail-shutters were open, and the wind screamed through them; but the gearing—all those cranks and elbows about the pin—that had gone; and two or three blades of the steering-fan hummed like bits of ribbon in the wind. The whole thing had swung round like a weathercock, and the heavy top story rocked and lifted, like a mouth opening and shut-

ting. Underneath it a man was lying on his back in the snow, watching it as if it were a plaything.

"I shook him and bawled in his ear. He didn't speak. His face glittered all over with ice particles, and I knew who he would be by his hair and eyes. I dragged him out from under the toppling mill; by his mouth I could make out that he was saying something about my people," and I nodded, and shouted, "What about Portsannet?"

"I made out a few words: 'Twice—oars broke—old boat—help.' And then I asked, 'What about the station?' It seemed Reuben was helpless. The mast and cones and drums had gone; he'd been firing, but we hadn't heard, and he was waiting for dark to signal with the rockets. 'D'ye know what boat?' I shouted, putting my arm round his neck and my mouth at his ear; and he tried two or three times to tell me, but had lost his voice. He stooped down and wrote in the snow with his finger, 'SN, 102.' Seeing that that was the *Lizzie's* number, I didn't bother about Reuben and the station. I colared him, and off we blundered into the drifts between Rhodes's mill and South Ness.

"They were much as I'd left them when Osa and I got to the 'Dotterel.' The tall Johnnie Faw wouldn't touch brandy, I remember. The two women were not to be seen. I told them to stir themselves, and they were on their feet in an instant. John Broadwood, who had said she could never live round the Spit, was first at the door. 'Out o' the road, ye farmers!' he grunted; and I was for telling Osa to go into the kitchen to his wife, when all at once I saw Lizzie in the doorway. 'Reuben's signalled, then?' she said; and somebody said 'Ay.' The gipsy woman didn't take her eyes off Osa, who was talking to Nunan in the Romany; but she didn't speak."

He stopped for so long that we thought he wasn't going on again. It was minutes before he resumed; but evidently he had got his digression over within himself, for he went straight on.

"There were lights and moving figures down by the boathouse, but they were blotted out from time to time: the night had fallen. The cobs and craft were huddled close in, and they were tossing and hissing and groaning—fenders grunting and rubbing on wood, blocks banging, tackle shrieking, parted ropes cracking like whips. . . . The little jetty seemed to run out a yard or two into the night. The surf thundered out on the Spit, a deep solemn sound. A fellow was bawling through a trumpet: his voice sounded throttled, something like a bassoon. The moon wasn't due up for a couple of hours yet.

"We ran her down on the carriage,—men at the wheels and life-lines and at the horses' heads,—and then we stood in the knee-deep water to see her lift. She lifted, and every man flung himself headlong out of the way. She came up from the carriage in a monstrous cant, and then she came down broadside in the broken, boiling wave. I heard the snapping of the port oars,—it was a short crackle in the tempest,—and then I was thirty yards away, scrambling among the carriage and horses and men. A broken shaft danced up and down in the white backwash.

"We beached her by hand, and already the wheelwright had a wrench and was unscrewing the nuts of the broken shaft. We carried four men to the boathouse, two of them with their hands on their chest where the broken oars had caught them. Eh? Oh yes, they'd jackets on. . . . We tried again, waiting till the breaker had spread away roaring in the darkness, and she rose again. She seemed to hang for a



dreadful long time between the two crests of curling white that rushed together to meet her,—the wave was a slanting wall all laced over with a pattern of gray foam,—and then she disappeared. But she was on the wrong side still, and her rudder was smashed. A man struck at me as I dragged him out of the water: it was John Broadwood. I'd got hold of his right wrist, and it dangled when I let it go; so I took him by the other arm. We headed the horses round to try again, edging close under the shelter of the jetty and the plunging cobles; and that time I turned my face away as she lifted—she was so frightfully near the jetty. But when I looked again, there she was. She'd neither ridden it nor got through it; and the Spit, booming a mile away, seemed to mock us that we couldn't get through the breakers.

"We all gathered in the boathouse again—farmers, fishermen, injured men, gipsies. Osa Couper was talking to old Joe Barker, and a fellow who was listening turned suddenly away and pulled out his pipe. That cut us—cut those who saw him: it seemed all there was to do—to light your pipe. And then we heard women's voices again: Lizzie and the gipsy woman were among us. What were we waiting for? they asked; and the man who was lighting his pipe nodded at the injured men. Lizzie's bosom lifted, and she began to talk again. She talked as she had talked before in the 'Dotterel.' . . .

"The boat was high on the beach, and they'd taken the horses out; they put them in again and made a fourth attempt—a fifth—a sixth. After the sixth we went back to the boathouse; another man had given it up now, and had taken up an old lobster-pot and was setting the broken ends straight. Useful occupation. . . .

"I told you—did I tell you?—about old Joe Barker. He had turned sixty then. He'd a wrinkled, nut-cracked face, and

his mouth and chin chopped up and down together when he spoke, like one of those talking dolls; he'd deep furrows from the corners of his mouth, just like one of these ventriloquist's dolls. He was chopping and chewing now to Osa Couper; and all at once he cried out, 'Have ye done all ye can, ye fishermen?' They scowled at him.

"Then let th' farmers have a try; Jerry — Tom — Matthy Dodd —" He jumped about here and there, singing out men and giving orders, all about horses. Broadwood sprawled on a locker, and he raised himself on his sound arm. 'Yours is no good if ours won't face it,' he cried; but Joe took no notice. He and Dodd began to fetch out sweeps and spars and ropes and tackle, and the men outside pitched them into the boat. 'Up!' he cried to Broadwood; and John slid down while he got a stone jar of brandy and a couple of pannikins out of the locker. Some walked slowly out and up the beach, looking back over their shoulders, and then all at once a man broke into a quick trot. A dozen hangers-about followed, questioning as they ran. In ten minutes the clattering of horses was heard on the beach; and a man, coming in for more ropes, said that a hundred shovels were clearing the village street. . . .

"Well, you've heard the tale, or you wouldn't have come to me: you know what we did and how it ended. What more do you want? To be told what you don't know, you'll say. Not you. Nobody wants to be told what they don't know. They want to be told what they do know, or think they know. Why, all the fellows we glorify are those who tell us in the main what we already know—tell us we're nearly quite right; a bit—eh?—here or a trifle there that our worships have overlooked in our general rightness, but wonderfully right on the whole. You'll listen as long as I tell this tale as

you already know it; then you'll go away and say, Queer old chap; been master of a grammar-school—disappointed—disillusioned; but for all that he was one of 'em. . . . Well, just as you like.

"A hundred yards out of the village we turned the women back. All of a sudden Willie Harverson's wife sprang forward and kissed him, and then the pent cheer broke out. It was as if for the first time we had all thought clearly what we had begun to do. The wind scattered it, but our hearts rose passionately. We hadn't spoken coming up through the village; we had started beaten, or at least just to endure as much as men could endure; and now that shout made all the difference. It was arrogant, boastful, young, foolish, victorious. Heigho! You see, we forget all the shouts of the same sort that end in failure; we only remember them when they come off. The other sort are like the revolts that never succeed; they're revolutions when they do. But then, I suppose we could never endure to remember all our pride and confidence that's come to nothing. . . . So the men kissed their wives. I had nobody to kiss—I've never been married. I saw Reuben's rocket rise clear above the gale, and then we started.

"We had twenty horses, and perhaps twice as many men with shovels. We'd lashed a spar to the boat-carriage, a sort of whiffle-tree, and from that to the ten pair of horses ran such a tackle of ropes and traces as you never saw—all thicknesses, plain and hawser, pieced out and joined everywhere with sailors' knots and hitches. Willie Harverson, on the frame of the carriage, was shouting orders through the speaking-trumpet—to find the ridge past the mill, to rouse High Lee village on the way. I don't suppose anybody heard half he said, for already the digging had begun. Old Joe Barker had donned

a cork jacket for warmth, and was flat on the fore air-chamber; he was directing, and Willie, off and on the carriage continually, was his spokesman. Without a captain, you see, forty diggers are little better than a dozen. The men who weren't digging were scouting, starting her after each halt, or standing by to see that the traces didn't get mixed.

"I said the snow was dry: it was so dry that half of it fell from the shovels of the diggers, blown away by the wind. That meant twice as much stooping, and the men were up to their waists in it. The fellows who scouted for rising ground appeared and disappeared in the drifts, and the snow crusted on their lanterns, melting and freezing both at once. We couldn't hear the sea now; instead there rose the shrill notes of trees and the silky soft whistle of the ice particles over the snow. We came to a quickset hedge: they dug through the drift to it, slapped the quarters of the horses with the shovels, and we came through with branches of briar and thorn caught in the trace-ropes.

"It's seven miles to Portsannet, with High Lee village half way, and after that the Heights, seven hundred feet of them. I came on to shovel with the second shift. You can dig till you can't straighten your back. I thought myself strong, but—well, a grammar-school was what I was really working for in those days. You may be strong, but you can't pitch stuff behind you at three times the ordinary rate with men who are always forking hay, or hoeing turnips, or loading peats; and by the time my turn came round to dig for the second time and the third, I wasn't the only one who was fagging. Then you can go on digging till you don't mind so much; you're getting stupid then—what employers of bodily labor call a 'good man'; and I began to be a good man—except that a good man

shouldn't quarrel with his tools; and at the last change I'd got hold of a garden spade instead of a flanged shovel—a thing that carried about half a pound—and a self-emptier, like the new boat. I became so good a man that when a fellow took that spade from me I asked him what an odd hum of vibrating iron was that I'd heard for some time past; and he pointed to Rhodes's mill not a dozen yards away. It was the pin-shaft that hummed. I can't tell you how it had managed to stop up there while the rest of the top story lay a heap of wreckage below; I suppose things don't smash quite as you expect 'em to. . . . During my rest I'd been hanging on to one of the flapping life-lines of the boat. Another man had now got it, and I felt irritated, as if he might have found one of his own; but I clutched the next one, and by-and-by noticed that the moon was rising. And somewhere about that time we struck the ridge to High Lee.

"The moon showed a grotesque procession. She rose, a bloated disc of dull orange, over the steaming horses and laboring figures, over the big boat squatted among the drifted hills. . . . The wind wasn't blowing quite in such gusts neither, and I remember thinking that if it would only stop for an hour the snow might pack. We had eased on the digging with the beginning of the ridge, and with the help of the men at the wheels were going at a good three miles an hour. Soon I let go my life-line: I hadn't come as a passenger. There was digging—always more or less digging; a ridge of land isn't the same thing as a ridge on a second-form school-map. And there were walls too, and cross-walls, and drifts at each. But it only took a minute or two to uncap and break the walls. As I say, we were going nicely; and as the moon mounted and the wind dropped more and more, we could hear the coughing of the horses and the creaking and

straining of the tackle on the spar. . . . And now let me see; let me see. . . . "H'm! Never mind. It doesn't matter so much about Nunan the gipsy; but Nunan was daft about his horses—the Johnnie Faws' horses. He thought the quarry where they'd left them would be somewhere about there. He wanted us to stop and look for them, and climbed up into the boat to put the matter in a reasonable light to Joe. He woke Osa Couper—did I say that Osa was asleep in the boat? He was; but of course Joe wasn't going to burrow up and down the headland for the Johnnie Faws' horses, and Nunan became morose. By-and-by Joe packed him off with another fellow to rouse Hadwen—he was a farmer—and to meet us with the farm-horses at the Beck; and I began to envy Osa in the boat myself. Let me see. . . ."

He tapped with his lean fingers, as if continuing to himself: it is not unlikely we missed part of the tale. He was very old; and when at last he went on again, it was with a little rousing and pulling of himself together.

"Well, we saw it at last, when the moon got high—what the wind had done to the snow. It was glorious, that mounting, . . . all in a frost of brilliant stars, . . . and it showed us a miracle. We could see half over the Head now. Acre after acre was fluted and rippled and ravelled, all so still and quiet and spotless; . . . and only thin copses, a mile, two, four miles away, broke the whiteness. The wind had touched and left it in tresses and flounces; . . . far away it was channelled like billows, and again, thick and smooth; . . . and trees and bushes were as if something thick and white had been poured over them, all coronets and garlands. The lanterns were murky orange spots, and every detail of the boat, the horses, the harnessing, Old Joe's artificial chin over the gunnel. . . . The *Lizzie Martin* might

be driftwood by this time on the other side of the Heights. I didn't think of the *Lizzie Martin*; I didn't think of that grammar-school I was going to have one day; I only wanted to look at the snow and the serene moon. . . . Ah, well! . . .

"From the top of the next rise we could see Lee Wood, black below us, and the gray Heights beyond. For the first time the grass showed in patches, and the boat rocked on the carriage, and we dragged back as we descended the slope. Then all at once Joe Barker shouted, 'Don't turn 'em!'

"It seemed that a cart-track ran through the wood that would save a mile and more. In the deep dip at the bottom Nunan was waiting with Hadwen's horses; and we had taken the dip and risen again on the other side through a gap in a wall before anybody had fairly counted the risk. It was too late to turn them, or perhaps worth chancing—a thirty-foot boat, and all that tangle of cordage. . . . Any way, we went on, and the wood closed in behind us.

"I think Joe saw his mistake as soon as a branch whipped his hat from his head, for he began to dance and curse. We could hear him blundering about in the boat for the one carpenter's axe we carried. Lifeboats 'are specially made with a big beam, and they've no business in woods anyway. There was now little snow, but that only made the wood the darker.

"So, soon our spar fetched up against an elm or something, and startled a screeching white owl: we backed the horses and freed it. The shouting and smashing and ripping of branches must have been heard a mile off; and then the check came. She wedged between two ash-trees, and Joe sprang down with his axe.

"'For God's sake, keep them cattle to th' track!' he screamed, beside himself; and a young farmer snatched the

axe from him and ran round to the nearest ash. The delay cost us a quarter of an hour, and then we moved forward again. We were savage now, and the farmers flogged the horses and kicked them cruelly under their bellies. The next check was a deep ravine with a beck at the bottom, and the team was in heaps, slipping, stumbling, pulling all ways at once. We lifted her over, —lifted her, with shoulders at spokes, sweeps and spars for levers, men at the ropes among the horses. Then Joe served brandy round. Nunan trotted off to warn the men of High Lee that we were coming, and to get their help. We didn't stop. We forced back bushes with our bodies, and tore at branches, and wedged the wheels with stones while we chopped partly through trees and then fetched them down with ropes. A rage of cursing took us as we labored, and some shook torn and bleeding fists at trees. Joe Barker gesticulated impotently, and whimpered that this was bird-nesting, nutting, black-berrying; and he danced up and down whenever a sapling gave with a loud crack, or twenty yards of clear track showed ahead.

"I don't know how long we were in the wood,—no very great time, I suppose, as time is reckoned; and then all at once I seemed to see John Swire of High Lee among us, and Nunan again, and a dozen axes going at once. Dreaming? Oh no, I wasn't; there really were the axes. The High Lee men had come to help us out, and their horses were waiting at the edge of the wood. We soon came through them, of course, and saw, a field's-length away, dark shapes and lanterns in the snow.

"John Swire was right: she didn't look much like a new boat by this time. Not that she was splintered much,—double cross mahogany from gunnel to gunnel doesn't splinter much,—but half her life-lines were gone from the ring-

bolts, and her new paint was fouled with bark and earth and tree-scrappings—a sight to see. Men swarmed up and overhauled her anxiously; but she was little the worse save in appearance, and they swarmed down again and began to take out our exhausted horses and to put in their own. They were at the knotted cordage thick as flies round a treacle-string in summer—lengthening, splicing, piecing, sheep-shanking, stretching all out, it seemed interminably; for they had twice our number of horses—too many, I think. They fixed another spar for a double-tree, and set oars across at intervals to keep that monstrous cat's-cradle in something like position: men were told off specially to watch it. A fellow came shouting up with some oxen; but we couldn't begin to make yokes for his oxen—the fool hadn't brought any; and they were sent back with the lads and worn-out horses to High Lee.

"I forget lots of things that happened just then; but I remember one thing distinctly—I laughed at the High Lee men when we set off again, for they cheered. I suppose it seemed silly to me. Cheer when you've done things, if you've nothing better to do; but where on earth is the sense in . . . We knew what cheering was worth. Cheering didn't help Nunan much, who was fretting again about his horses; nor Joe Barker, who was bewailing the time his blunder had lost us—for we remembered now and then that we were going to Portsannet. It didn't help anybody except perhaps the High Lee men themselves, and they'd come to their senses before we were over the moonlit Heights. . . . We let them do the work for a bit: it was digging, digging again, and the rise and fall of their backs was wearisome to watch. There was little choice of roads now, Osa said (we woke him to ask him). As nearly as he could tell, he'd come fairly straight past the alum-works; and for

the alum-works we made. Soon our feet felt the rise. . . ."

He seemed very tired, as if the memory of the weariness wearied him again. He rested for three or four minutes. He nodded; and it is possible that again he had lost the direct thread of his tale, for when he resumed after his rest it was apparently nowhere.

"You need purpose, you see. No amount of work kills if you have the purpose. You needn't achieve it: they say it's often as well for you when you don't; but without it you're hitting the air. Practically, you must have a little reward too—just enough to make it worth your while to go on; it's only once in five centuries that a hero's born who can see his work apparently swallowed up in the ocean with equanimity. Yes, yes; principle's the biggest thing—the vision, the ideal; nobody denies that. But, as the world's arranged, it's much if you can get forward a step at a time and catch a glimpse of your vision between whiles. If you'd asked us, we should have told you, of course, that we were going to Portsannet. We should have thought you a fool; and yet I doubt if it really occurred to us. I don't say that I myself didn't think (if you call it that) of the *Lizzie Martin*. We've all thought we've been thinking things all our lives, till one day something happens and we think them really and piercingly; but I do say I think we went on mainly because we'd started. It wasn't what we thought—it was what we didn't think; we didn't think of stopping. . . . They used to call me ambitious when, as a youngster, I sometimes spoke of my grammar-school. Well, every fool's ambitious, if ambition is only thinking that your grammar-school, whatever it is, would be a nice comfortable thing to have. Ambition—purpose—means a lot more than



that to me. It's a positive, a vital thing—not mere patience and endurance. It's never to forget that first presumptuous cheer; it's both to see your goal and never to lose sight of the means to it. You haven't got to let the work get its grind in. . . . But we were half way there, you say?—we had a little reward to encourage us? Yes, more than half way. We were past the first lift of the Heights. But what besides? Twice the boat had slid clean off the tail of the carriage, spilling belts and jackets and paraphernalia in the snow; and twice we lashed her on again; and there's so mighty little carriage to lash a big lifeboat to that we had to tauten up every few minutes, and men were hauling direct on the boat to keep her somewhere near the wheels. And what besides? Till we'd come to the Heights we hadn't done enough work to keep us warm, and the High Lee men were frenzied, as we'd been in the wood. Nunan was seeing his quarry every hundred yards, and looking for air-holes, as if his horses had been sheep. Willie Harverson had been left half a mile back at a house—ribs crushed the first time the boat shifted. We digged and hauled and righted the boat, and digged again. The horses rolled with their legs among the ropes; . . . the load, . . . the keel alone weighed half a ton. . . . Men were sleeping as they went, and shoving as they slept. . . . I tell you, you don't know anything about it. It's the purposeless work that kills, and practically we had no purpose. You can't have purpose and be frantic. . . . Wait a bit. . . .

"And I knew it was silly to keep on thinking with every step, 'This brings you nearer the grammar-school—Portsaunnet—Portsaunnet and the grammar-school.' Rousseau did it, you know. But once in a while, when you've labored till your spirit seems freed from your body, it does seem all one—all part of something you're trying to do, you

don't know what—something you're trying to make of your life. . . . It was only seven miles; but seven miles or seven hundred isn't the point. The point is just the limit of your endurance: if it's only seven yards, seven hundred, or seven million, it comes to just that. . . . Wait a minute. . . . The moon was very little higher, so we couldn't have been very long. I remember noticing this and shouting it out, but I don't know whether it steadied them or not. My mind was somewhere in advance, over the Heights. I was thinking that, once over the top, the men who were pulling would fall back to check her; that without a pole the team would be useless; that a pole might be made of a long spar; that we might zigzag down; put props through the valve-holes; elementary mechanics, parallelogram of forces, grammar-school again, and a lot more light-witted stuff. Then somebody sighted the alum-works, a quarter of a mile to the left. . . . One minute. . . .

"We were at the top. It's forty-five years ago, and you can persuade yourself of a lot in less than that time. We persuaded ourselves afterwards that it was a moment of triumph—there was no harm in that; but we knew better really. We knew in our hearts that the Portsannet men would have to man the boat for themselves, for we reeled like drunkards, went forward like drunkards, with the drunkard's instinct for his bed. But we boasted foolishly; we would put out ourselves—take her back that night—show what men could do,—I don't know what. Nobody said it was nonsense. Joe Barker alone seemed to realize that it didn't follow that because we'd got through, the Lizzie Martin had. We could hear the sea now, a dull roar, and far on our right the Abbey light flashed white and red. There was a babel of talking. Men with horses seemed to join us every few minutes. A man called

Lockwood came from Lizzie's old home with two Galloways and a mare in foal, and they hitched them on behind. As they did so we stood for a moment looking down on Portsannet, the river, the scattered lights far up the valley, the gray beyond the harbor-wall. . . .

"They came up, the fish-wives of the quay—the women who swear so—they turned out with the men; men and women, there were enough to carry the boat and us with it. Three boats had managed to keep head-up the whole of the day—you know that—and the *Lizzie* was one of them. The shouts and lanterns were bewildering, and I heard a fellow give a shout of recognition to Osa Couper. We turned into the street that leads to the movable bridge over the river. The river's tidal, of course, and there was a beach of mud and pebbles; and the Portsannet men fought for places as we put her in. She danced on the water again, and they pulled down the river. We trooped across the bridge to the boathouse. They were jacketed, and had fresh oars by the time we caught them up, and the sea was bursting on the sea-wall with tremendous shocks. They got out the very first time. . . .

"You know how many they saved? Frank and another man and a lad from the *Lizzie*, and seven from a barque, and six from a Lowestoft boat. We saw them all in, and then they wanted us to go to bed. 'Why should we go to bed?' we said. We didn't want to go to bed. I went to bed sometime the next day, but it wasn't till the follow-

ing night that I slept—not to call sleeping. . . . Nunan, they said, was worse than I; the horses, perhaps, though they got them the next day but one, all but two. . . ."

His eyes were half closed, and we prepared to leave him: he opened them again, hearing us move.

"I want to know if you can tell me something before you go," he said; "it's often puzzled me. I can tell you in half a minute. It's this: If you were to ask me whether I thought my own life worth such and such a vast deal of labor,—the risk of other lives too, maybe,—I think I should have to say, No. At any rate, it would be a question of balance, value for value, and so on, you see. And I know other men think the same. But as soon as it's a question of anybody else's life, the case seems to be different. John Broadwood would have jumped up just the same if Frank Martin had been the biggest rascalion who ever handled a net. Now where's the sense in it? I'm not saying there isn't any; I'm asking. I went too. I'd have gone in the boat, but it would have kept a better man out of a place; and I ask myself the reason of it all. It isn't reason—can't be; and yet reasonable men will do it. 'Thank God for that,' you say. Well, that's unanswerable too. . . . I see you can't help me. I've been asking such questions all my life, and shall go on, I suppose, till the end now. . . . I'm very tired. . . . Good night. . . ."

Oliver Onions.

**RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN PUBLIC SCHOOLS.**

In dealing with the question of religious education in public schools I propose first to give a brief account of the type of instruction that is usually given, and, secondly, to discuss the deficiencies and possibilities of the system, suggesting definite lines of policy.

I shall be pardoned if I draw my illustrations from a particular public school, Eton, with the system of which I am wholly familiar, as I spent seven years there as a boy, and nineteen as an assistant master. I do not imagine that the system in use there differs very markedly from the system in vogue at other public schools.

Before I embark on my main subject, there is nothing that I would more unhesitatingly affirm than that, in the course of the thirty years during which I have been familiar with the inner life of Eton, from first to last, the increase in personal religion, and the growth of religious life and religious influences among the boys has been extraordinarily marked. Not to travel far for instances, the celebrations of Holy Communion are far more frequent, and infinitely better attended, than was the case when I was a boy; and this is a very important fact, because there is not the slightest pressure put upon boys in the matter, and it may be unquestionably affirmed that a boy who is a regular communicant is a boy who is spontaneously trying to live a religious life. Again, when I was a house-master, it seemed to me that the number of boys who read the Bible in the evening, before going to bed, was far larger than I recollect to have been the case when I was a boy at school.

Thus it may be stated that, whether or no the formal religious instruction of the place is satisfactory, there is a

great increase in what is, after all, the object of religious instruction, namely, the sense of vital and practical religion.

Let us now turn to the actual religious instruction given to boys at public schools. I think from what I have heard that more attention is given to the subject at Eton than at other schools, and I will therefore describe the system as it exists at Eton.

Every boy at Eton on Sunday has to answer a set of questions on paper, set by the master of his division. These are mainly on the Old Testament, with questions bearing on the portion of the Greek Testament that is being done in school; and there was supposed to be added a question on certain points of Church history, though this was in many cases practically neglected. The boy may use simple commentaries for the purpose of writing his answers, and he can consult his house-master in case of difficulty. He has also to prepare a certain portion of the Greek Testament for the first lesson on Monday.

The lesson on Monday consists partly in construing through the Greek Testament, with explanations, and partly in going through the questions on the Old Testament which have been done on the previous day. All this work is examined in at the end of the term. A boy thus gets a fair knowledge of the historical and narrative portions of the Old Testament, and he reads the greater part of the Gospels in Greek. Higher in the school the Acts and the Pauline Epistles are read.

In addition to this there is a system at Eton by which all boys go to their private tutors for a short period of religious instruction in the course of Sunday. There is no examination in this, and the choice of a subject is left entirely to the taste of the tutor: all sorts

of subjects are done; I used myself to read the Bible in English, selecting chapters, with the small boys; to do the Psalms with a middle set; and with the upper set I tried all sorts of subjects, the Pauline Epistles, religious biographies of every kind, Church history, religious or semi-religious poetry, and even religious art. It used to be a very difficult matter to get suitable subjects, and it was necessary to spend a considerable time in preparing the lesson, if one desired to interest the boys. I came to the conclusion that biography in the shape of informal lectures was the best chance, and that reading a book aloud was a very inadequate form of instruction, because so few books were written from the right point of view.

One other point I would mention. I always found that the Greek Testament lesson on Mondays was one in which the boys took a real interest; and I would say that, as I gained experience as a master, I treated the lesson more and more from the religious point of view, from the perception that the majority of the boys were interested in the religious application of it.

Besides this there was the Sunday morning sermon, preached sometimes by a master, sometimes by an outsider. I used to feel that probably not enough care was taken in the selection of preachers; a good many people, including masters, were asked more because they had a right to expect an invitation, than because their sermons were likely to claim the attention of the boys; moreover, I think that the subjects ought to have been systematized, and some sort of a course outlined; as a matter of fact, the sermons tended to be rather vague moral discourses; and whereas certain subjects like foreign missions and the questions of purity were apt to be overhanded, there were many aspects of Christian life and character which were never touched

upon at all. The sermons, indeed, were too apt to be addressed to boys as boys, with an awkward condescension of thought, than addressed, as they should have been, to Christian soldiers and pilgrims, beginning the battle and the pilgrimage.

Some masters used, I believe, to give a little sermon on Sunday evenings at the house prayers; but this was, I think, a mistake, and was certainly the exception. The boys had already had quite enough religious instruction. Indeed, what with two full choral services and possibly an early celebration, with a set of written questions to do and a Greek Testament lesson to prepare, as well as some religious instruction from the tutor, the Sundays tended to be over-full at Eton, and instead of being days of rest, they were to boys who worked slowly one of the most laborious days in the week. Still it is a doubtful policy to leave boys too much unoccupied on a day when there is no active exercise to distract them. It was a hard day for the tutors as well, and what I used to feel was that it would have been better if both boys and masters had been more at leisure for informal things. I used to tell a story in the evenings to any boys in my house who cared to come, and usually had a fair audience; and at one time I had an evening hymn singing, which was fairly well attended.

Then there comes in the preparation of boys for Confirmation. The large majority of boys were confirmed. This preparation was in the hands of house-masters; but if they desired it, or if the parents desired it, they could transfer the task to one of the chaplains. Personally, I made a great point of preparing my own pupils myself, and I do not think that a house-master ought to give this up except for very cogent reasons. Of course there will always be house-masters who have no gift for such work, and indeed no particular in-

terest in it; and thus a transference should be made possible. But it gave one the best chance, at a critical age, of speaking directly and with perfect naturalness to boys on the religious life. I used to prepare the boys on the lines of the Church Catechism, seeing them generally a dozen times together for instruction, and three or four times individually; and if necessary oftener. There were many subjects about which I felt it better to speak to the boys collectively, and I used to make it as unlike a lesson as possible, taking them quietly in my study in the evenings, and speaking as simply as I could; and when I saw the boys separately, not so much pressing them to talk, as making it as easy as possible for them to speak if they wished; but oftener asking them what they wished me to speak about, rather than catechising them on their own conduct and life.

That, I think, is a fairly complete account of the religious instruction given at Eton; and I imagine that a very similar system prevails at most of our public schools.

Now I suppose that the chief reason which makes parents satisfied on the whole with the type of religious instruction given at public schools is, that the parents are mainly moderate Anglicans, and they feel sure that the instruction given to boys at school may be formal and cautious, may be lacking in unction and even definiteness, but that it will be sound and simple and orthodox, and not likely to err on the side of daring, or on the side of speculativeness; and at the same time they are sure that it will not as a general rule be of an aggressive or party type. Thus the parents who do not hold very definite High Church views, or definite Protestant views, will think that the religious instruction will be safe, sensible and sound; while parents who have a definite religious position, and belong

to a particular school of Anglicanism, will feel that the substructure of teaching is fairly thorough, and that they can themselves communicate to their boys the special *cachet* which they desire. Even the highest Anglican, in this era of toleration, would hardly claim that all the boys of a public school should be instructed on High Anglican lines without reference to the tenets of their parents, though they may regret that they are not so instructed.

But where the chief difficulty comes in is in the fact that there are a good many parents who are vaguely sceptical, and even indifferent to religious questions; who hear on the one hand expressions of high Catholic opinion, and on the other hand find the higher criticism tending to rationalize and even discredit the historical truth of, at all events, parts of the Bible. They have not time or ability to go into the question for themselves; perhaps they have been brought up on simple old-fashioned lines, with a belief in the literal truth of the Old Testament. It dawns upon them in later life, to take a single instance, that the story of Noah's ark, and the preservation of all created species by the construction of a vast floating menagerie, is an event which does not come within the range of possibility; that a handful of human beings should have captured and immured and fed quadrupeds, birds, and insects of every species is plainly a simple legend; and then, perhaps, they become aware that other incidents described in the Old Testament are of the same character, and that though they may have an allegorical value, they can hardly be taken as matters of historical fact. Thus a dizzy intellectual prospect opens before them. They do not know what to believe and what not to believe. They have been educated very probably upon the melancholy system which treated the Bible as one book, not as a collection of



books of very different values; they have been brought up to suppose that it is all inextricably intertwined; that the truth of the New Testament largely depends upon its being a precise fulfilment of the types and prophecies of the Old; and thus they lose their simple faith, and are not sufficiently independent in mind to readjust their beliefs.

Such persons as these—and they are increasingly numerous among the better educated leisured classes—are often pathetically anxious that their children should have a religious education; but they do not know how to communicate it themselves; they do not feel able to teach the Bible, when they have lost confidence in the old methods of interpretation, and the mechanical theories of verbal inspiration; and further, they do not feel prepared to answer the puzzling questions of their children.

They thus leave the whole matter alone, not because they are indifferent, but because they are bewildered, and because they get so little direction in the matter. The clergy are unduly cautious and timid; rather than offend the stricter members of their flocks who cling to the literal truth of the Scripture, they prefer to leave the more intelligent without guidance; and thus it is quite possible to attend the ministrations of an earnest and devout clergyman, and never know whether he considers the whole of the Scriptures to be historically and literally accurate or not.

Such parents, as I have said, are often very sincerely anxious that their children should have a genuine Christian faith, and they think vaguely that schoolmasters are more capable of dealing with the situation than they themselves; but, as a matter of fact, this is not the case. Schoolmasters very often have no idea of the precise form of religious belief held by the parents of their boys; and even if they could

discover, it cannot be expected that they can adapt their teaching sophistically to every shade of Church opinion; in the first place, a number of boys have to be instructed together; and in the second place, if instruction could be given individually, what should we think of the creed of a man who could instruct the children of high Anglicans in sacramental and sacerdotal views, the children of Broad-Church parents in higher critical views, and the children of Evangelicals on Evangelical lines? The position would be in the highest degree insincere; the most that a man can do is to instruct candidates for Confirmation on general lines, following, perhaps, the Church Catechism, and taking care to avoid any teaching that might give offence to a boy brought up in a definite religious school of thought.

There is one great advantage in the Anglican position from the point of view of religious instruction, and that is that the note of Anglicanism, we may be thankful to acknowledge, is a courageous and liberal elasticity. It is certainly true to say that there is no Church which holds so easily and so unitedly within itself such varying shades of ecclesiastical thought. Indeed, to my own mind, it is the surest proof of the truly Catholic and even primitive character of the Anglican communion, that it is a Church which permits a larger degree of Christian liberty of thought to its adherents than any other existing Church.

A boy then, at the time of his Confirmation, may be given very plain and simple reasons for being an Anglican; he may be told that Romanism has pushed its development far beyond the reasonable interpretation of the teaching of Christ, while the Nonconformist bodies have sacrificed too much of ecclesiastical tradition. Most boys will be able to understand that point of view. It is easy to show by an instance

or two how much Romanism has added in the way of doctrine to the plain teaching of the Gospel; and it is possible to show, if necessary, from the Acts of the Apostles, that the Nonconformist bodies have sacrificed some of the advantages of the primitive order of the Church; or, that if they have not done so markedly, there is no reason for their disunion. It may be shown that the Reformation, in its religious aspect, was an attempt to disencumber the Church of a mass of auxiliary doctrines, which are in many cases inconsistent with the simplicity of the Christian revelation.

Further than this it is probably not advisable to go; a boy may be a very good Englishman on the strength of a very little knowledge of patriotic history; and the teaching of elaborate constitutional history is not likely to make him love his country more. So a boy may be a good Anglican without being initiated into the more subtle metaphysical and doctrinal differences between his own creed and the creed of other religious communities.

It may be safely stated that the acute forms of denominationalism are as a rule determined by the development of character and disposition in later life, and a boy of an aggressively ecclesiastical type is a rare specimen, and does not require to be specially considered; that is to say, that the instruction given to boys need not be designed with a view to satisfying youthful partisans, though the tutor of a boy of this type ought to be ready to discuss points with him, if he raises them, as justly and temperately as possible.

But the general object should be to make boys good Christians rather than good Anglicans. The instruction they receive should be of a positive and central kind, and should avoid as far as possible controversial aspects. If the Christian faith can be presented to a boy in such a form that it appeals to

his heart and conscience, moves him to admire noble and unselfish virtues, gives him a practical and effective power in life to resist temptation, to be brave, sincere and generous, it is the kind of faith that is far less likely to be troubled by the assaults of later scepticism than if he was inducted into the apprehending of heresies and schisms, and the minor doctrines which cause so much disunion and strife among Christians. The central fact of Christianity, after all, which lies far behind and beyond all denomination-ism, is the Divinity of Jesus Christ; and if, in a boy's heart and mind, this core of faith is vital and strong, he may be trusted to array himself with any school of thought to which his later idiosyncrasies may direct him; though indeed the triumph of a schoolmaster would be if he could send out into the world a succession of manly and straightforward Christians, living on the lines of the Sermon on the Mount, rather than if he sent out a set of high Anglicans or of fervent Evangelicals. Only ardent partisans would prefer that a school should be deeply marked with a special shade of ecclesiastical thought, rather than that the tone should be Christian, high-minded and unselfish, even though the boys could not give any very precise reasons for being the type of Christians that they were.

In fact, the thing to aim at for schoolmasters is to approach Christian truth on its moral and emotional side, rather than on its metaphysical and ecclesiastical side; and thus it seems clear that the best aim is to be sure that the boys are deeply familiar with the Gospel narrative; that must be the basis of the religious instruction of public schools.

But then comes in the difficulty of knowing what line the schools should take about Old Testament instruction; it is of high importance that boys

should be familiar with the moving and beautiful stories of the Old Testament, told in language of such incomparable grace and beauty; with the splendid and inspiring visions of prophets, with the intense sense of personal holiness and personal responsibility which is the lesson of the Old Testament.

And here I can only say that it is high time for the authorities of the Anglican Church to make some definite pronouncement as to how the Old Testament is to be read and studied. If some leading prelate or high ecclesiastic of unimpeachable orthodoxy would state in a little book, frankly and without reserve, what it is essential to Christian faith to hold with regard to the Old Testament, how much may be looked upon as legendary and unhistorical, and how, at the same time, even what is legendary and unhistorical may be fairly regarded as an inspired vehicle of Divine teaching, it would be an immense relief to hundreds of very earnest schoolmasters. One does not want needlessly to trouble boys about matters of doctrine, or to unsettle immature minds. But at present the position is profoundly unsatisfactory. How often did I find myself in the lamentable position of not only feeling that I ought to suppress my own views, but that I ought, in order to avoid possible offence, to teach an Old Testament statement as literally true which I did not really believe to be true. I have heard in scholastic circles a colleague of my own criticized with strong disapproval for indulging before the boys in the mildest rationalism with reference to the miracles of Elijah and Elisha.

The result of this unhappy system, this timidity on the part of teachers, is that boys grow up at school in a conspiracy of silence. Their parents do not feel competent to discuss the question of Old Testament criticism, and the

masters will not; and further, many excellent Christians among schoolmasters are profoundly averse to speaking frankly and emotionally of their own religious beliefs, and confine themselves to dry expositions; the result is that the boy grows up not knowing whether his masters care about their faith at all. And then when he goes up to the University or out into the world, and finds that much of the Bible is regarded as fabulous, and that religion is supposed to be a feminine and a clerical thing, the whole of his faith goes by the board.

There is a striking story told by a former Eton master which illustrates this point. When he was a little boy at Eton, he came out of chapel with some other boys after the ante-communion, when there was a Celebration. He and two or three other boys began to knock a fives-ball about, and to shout in one of the old fives-courts between the chapel buttresses, and disturbed the worshippers. Dr. Keate, then Headmaster, came out in his canonicals, and spoke to the culprits, not angrily but severely, and with obvious feeling, about their irreverence. "Up to that time," said the narrator of the incident, "it had never occurred to me that Keate *cared* about such things, or that he was a Christian at all in the sense in which I knew that my father and mother were Christians."

We would plead, then, that in the religious instruction of boys at public schools, there should be in the first place less reserve about the whole subject. It is a severe strain on many sensible Englishmen to speak of religious subjects simply and sincerely; but it is a strain which the Christian teacher ought to be willing to undergo. It is not lengthy or rhetorical discourse that is wanted. But men should be ready to show that they care, and are not ashamed to care, for the things of the soul.

And next I would strongly plead for more direction and guidance in questions of Biblical criticism. Cautious ecclesiastics may reply that the time is not ripe; that the higher criticism has not finished its work; that definite statements would be premature and unsettling—there are always excellent reasons for delay, and for taking away with one hand what is given with the other. But if the Anglican Church is to maintain its hold upon moderate, intellectual, and sensible people, the disintegrating process cannot be allowed to continue further. It is not from theory, but from wide practical knowledge, that I say that there are numbers of parents who are profoundly disquieted and bewildered by the present condition of things. They do not know what they must believe and what they need not believe, and while they feel this, what is the most important part of religious instruction, namely, home instruction, is sacrificed. The parents put the responsibility on the schoolmaster, and the schoolmaster dares not take it. I say deliberately that the authorities of the English Church are gravely at fault in the matter. They are so much absorbed in active work and social questions, that they are letting the essence of the faith evaporate. Many subjects of high importance are being daily debated by the highest clerical authorities; but they avoid, in the face of difficulties, what is perhaps the most important question of all, how the rising generation of the upper and middle class of the country are to be trained in faithful and practical Christianity. They are ready enough to deplore the spread of sceptical influences, and to wonder pathetically why men tend to absent themselves from the services of the Church; but they do not attempt to hallow and consecrate the fountain-head. How many headmasters even are there who give their assistants any direction in the matter,

or who anxiously confer as to what the policy of teachers is to be on these points? The only effort made, at the instigation of some very earnest Anglicans, when I was at Eton, was to add a certain amount of Church history to the school curriculum. This was, I consider, a mistake, because it was a species of denominationalism. Church history, at all events in its later stages, is seldom written from an unbiased point of view; if it were quite fairly written, it would be a highly unedifying chapter of human development, and would probably only produce a deep-seated disgust of all sectarianism; as a matter of fact, it is generally written with a *parti pris*, and every sect and denomination deduces from Church history nothing but the essential rightness of its own separatism. The Roman Catholic deduces from Church history its own indefeasible claim to be the main stream of Christianity; the Anglican deduces from it his belief that his own communion best represents the primitive Church; the Non-conformist deduces from it the evils of prelacy and ecclesiastical policy. If we could find anywhere a sect which had been converted out of disunion by the impartial study of Church history, we might think it a desirable form of instruction for the young: but as it is, Church history is only used to justify separatism and disunion; while the desirable thing for the young is to appreciate if possible the essential unity of Christian communities, rather than their tendency to acrimonious divergence. A far better species of instruction is, as I have said, the study of the lives of Christian-minded men, of whatever communion they may have been; and a boy is better initiated into the secret of Christian life by apprehending the noble qualities that made such men, say, as Francis of Assisi, Father Damien, John Wesley, and Bishop Heber into saints and evangelists, than if he

understood the underlying heresies of the Monophysites and the Gnostics. One of the qualities which can be depended upon in most boys is an admiration for the heroic temper; and it is surely better that a boy should be able to feel the nobleness and unselfishness of great Christian leaders, than be made to understand the errors of their doctrinal positions from the point of view of Anglicanism. It is, indeed, an impossible thesis to maintain, in the presence of the annals of the saints, that the great Christian qualities are viti-

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ated by doctrinal differences; and, if it were possible to demonstrate it, such demonstration is hardly likely to sow the qualities which one desires to implant in growing boys. It is quite clear from the Synoptic Gospels that the instruction which Christ gave to His followers was poetical and practical rather than doctrinal and speculative; and we cannot be far wrong if we base the teaching of our boys in religious matters on the type of teaching which our Divine Founder gave to those who heard Him.

Arthur C. Benson.

### THE WARWICK PAGEANT.

"Merrie England!" We have dreamed of it, and worked for it; but still it has seemed very far off, divided from us by great distances of sombre thought and habit, blotted out by the dust and fog of selfish, breathless labor, and the evil melancholy of compulsory, mechanic toil. The spirit of delight seemed to have taken flight once and for all from this unhappy land, and the stories of masque and pageant on green swards, under the open sky, seemed but a mocking echo from a buried past. *Oriana* and *The Merry Wives*—the frank gaieties and free-hearted merriments of the Elizabethan age—the pageants of Windsor and Kenilworth—all seemed to lie far away behind us, separated by a great gulf. Our very atmosphere seemed to smile an ironic smile. The smoke of factory chimneys had fallen—so some said—like a pall over the corpse of that dear, dead England. Gaiety, so long banished from the heart of the English people, seemed to know of no guise for her return except the dull and ugly revelry of the drinkshop and the shabby, greedy motley of the racecourse. The only surviving sign of pageantry in England seemed to be the plumed

hearses of our costly and unsightly funerals. The Nemesis of banished joy seemed to lie on our provincial towns "heavy as frost, deep almost as life!"

But there were men who did not despair of England, and believed that what once had been under English suns could be again. They had great faith, these men. They even believed that the dramatic instinct of the people could be lifted from the gutter of the music-hall and used once more, as in Periclean Greece and Elizabethan England, for high national ends—to awaken great memories, arouse great hopes, create new prides. They saw that the chief intellectual want of England was a sense of its own past—a consciousness of its own great story. For a mean future awaits those nations who live only in the present.

With such aims they could not walk better than in the footsteps of Queen Elizabeth. Elizabeth, as a woman, knew the power of display: she appealed to the eye. Her weapon was the pageant. Why should not that be their weapon too?

And so, at Sherborne last year, at Warwick this year, and at Bury St. Ed-



mund's next year, the English pageant is coming back into our national life and reviving that lost art of conscious, multitudinous delight.

The essence of the pageant is that it should be a common function—not merely witnessed, but shared in by the whole community. At Warwick this year, as in Sherborne in 1905, almost every family in the town, from the highest to the lowest, must have provided one member—man, woman, boy, or girl—to strut an hour upon the sward of Warwick Castle. For this one week of performance the town of Warwick has been in travail for a whole year. Two thousand Warwickians have played their part without fee, reward, or advertisement. Many have provided their own costume. From the castle to the meanest cottage, all have helped. Those who cannot act have prepared bunting to deck the old, gray tower in a robe of many hues. Every Warwick institution, from the corporation to the schools and the almshouses, have joined hands in patriotic fellow-working, and put aside all graver tasks for one week of noble, disciplined, and elevating joy. Surely, the most cheering social sign of the new century.

The theme of the modern pageant, as worked out by the skilful and untiring hands of Mr. Louis Parker, is like the widening circle sent out by the fall of a little pebble in a still water. It starts with the early beginnings of the particular city, and spreads out from that point into the greater story of the whole country—through the early legends and traditions of the town of Warwick to the great national story represented by the scene of Elizabeth's visit, the splendid climax of the whole series of scenes. "Local gag," say the vulgar, and yawn at the earlier scenes foolishly and selfishly ignoring the fact that

the pageant is essentially a local glorification, to which outsiders are invited as guests, whose politeness is presumed. Others will find a new suggestiveness in this gradual widening from the petty affairs of a village into the great struggles of the disputed English monarchy—until in Leicester, the lord of Kenilworth, the little story of Warwick opens out into the "spacious times" of his great mistress. The vast stage—a veritable country-side—gives play for quick movement and bold action. The pageant flashes past in a series of episodes, spaced like a Greek play with chorus-odes, freely dipping from time to time into Marlowe and Shakespeare, never broken by the fall of a curtain. The wonder and delight of the piece is not so much in the individual acting—though that is almost without exception admirable—as in the multitude of the players, all skilfully grouped, beautifully costumed, splendidly drilled. It is not a play of "stars," but of a whole town.

But, after all, the abiding marvel is the stage. With excellent public spirit, Lord and Lady Warwick have lent their grounds for the performance, and a great stand, capable of holding 5000 people, had been erected in part of that noble space that lies west of the castle—a great open lawn, more than a hundred yards wide and five hundred deep, flanked on either side with trees in their full midsummer pomp of foliage. This scene is backed on one side by the placid Avon, gentlest of streams, and on the other by a forest-road disappearing down a long vista of trees. But the eye ranges much further, over placid English landscape with mighty oaks and elms, and deer grazing calmly among the green bracken and underwood. On such a stage anything is possible. Cavalcades can manœuvre—crowds can assemble—battles can be fought—processions can march—horsemen can gallop wildly, and troops of

armored cavalry can beat their hoofs against the noiseless grass. All these things are done, and Mr. Parker has left no chance unused.

By a fortunate gift of fate there has been to-day neither rain nor wind. The scene lay before us in such absolute stillness that it was possible to feed on a lovely and pleasing illusion—to nurse the subtle and luxurious flattery that this work of nature was really a fabric of human art—that all this show of trees and grass and river, was created by the scene-painter's brush. Movement had no effect on this sweet vanity of fancy. When the feeding deer in the background lifted up their heads, or Elizabeth's barge moved down the river, rowed by a hundred oars, you simply saw another triumph of the theatrical art—another victory of the machine. So strangely was reality mixed with phantasy in this spectacle.

*The Speaker.*

Behind, and above all, was the triumph of association. The real mental setting to the pageant was that old English town, with its Elizabethan houses still smoking with living hearth-fires—the long, straggling street, with its archwayed towers, and ancient "hospital"—the gray castellated walls of that noble castle mirrored in the still Avon and embosomed in the soft rich glory of her mighty trees. The past spoke with a hundred voices. The players seemed far more than the spectators of to-day the fit and true human setting to this lovely dowry of ancient beauty.

Such towns—and there are many such in England—are theatres ready and prepared. There is little need of human art. Here is the stage already furnished.

*Harold Spender.*

#### THE DOMINION'S FORTIETH BIRTHDAY.

The destinies of the British Empire will be decided in British North America. Chatham's phrase, coined a century and a half ago, is as profound to-day as it was then. Canada is the keystone of our Imperial arch, the link which connects our Colonial tradition with the Elizabethans. For, if our Imperial continuity received a shock from the secession of the Thirteen States, it was not broken. The Constitutional question, which was settled in America by the creation of the Republic, was settled in Canada by the creation of the Dominion. That is to say, the origin of the one was revolt, the origin of the other was unity. Unfortunately the Little Englander never realizes that Imperialism is historic, and that Canada is the mightiest expression of Colonial loyalty. For she was founded by exiles, whose ideal was a

United Empire. So great was their fidelity that they sacrificed position, country, and fortune to it. The story of the Huguenots and Pilgrim Fathers is among the most inspiring in the world's history, but it lacks the intensity of the story of the American loyalists. Moreover, they alone have preserved their ideal untouched by the materialism of the age, whereas neither the Huguenots nor the Pilgrim Fathers are a living force at all. Canada is unique as a State inasmuch as she was brought into being by the moral and spiritual forces which are the foundation of all religion. Her Imperialism has been sanctified by suffering.

This is the cardinal fact of her history. She has been truer to the principles which gave us our world supremacy than the Mother-country herself has been. Until the South African war,

from her came the motive-power for every step we made on our Imperial road. She is the leader of the movement for the unity of the British race by a Divine right which is unquestioned. It is not the Canada of bursting granaries and a prosperity unparalleled which holds a commanding position in the British Empire, but the Canada whose national character was formed in adversity. "Lest we forget" should be the prayer of every Canadian to-day, when the newspapers devote more and more space to accounts of the material progress of his country. It is indeed marvellous, but it should never be regarded except as the outward expression of the moral strength which made it possible. The foundation for it was laid in the long years when Canada was a poor relation, when all England's frowns were for her and all her smiles for the United States; when the ideal, to defend which her boundary-line was dyed red with the blood of her sons, was the laughter of shallow statesmen at home. But the faith that was in her never faltered until her future under the Crown was secured by the British North America Bill of 1867, from which Imperialism as we know it now may be said to date. For Canada by this means saved herself from political extinction. What a stupendous task it was may be learned from the memoirs of Macdonald. England was indifferent; the Provinces were poor, struggling, and torn by local jealousies. There were two races to conciliate, divided by religious differences. And on the frontier was a great Power whose ambition to include Canada in the Union never slept. In such circumstances the Confederation could never have been carried without the stimulus of the United Empire Loyalist tradition. If too much has been said about the American Constitution, too little has been said about the British North America Act. The genius of Hamilton

created a force antagonistic to British power, the genius of Macdonald created one in harmony with it. He successfully adapted the federal idea to British institutions, and thereby brought the federation of the Empire as a whole into the realm of practical politics. He was, moreover, able to avoid the defects of the American Constitution, the most marked of these being the idea of State sovereignty, which is a source of the growing lawlessness in the Republic. There the Provincial Governments delegate authority to the Federal Government, whereas in Canada it is just the reverse. It is at least suggestive that one of the advantages which American settlers find across the border is the prompt and impartial administration of justice; neither is it denied that the Cabinet system gives greater elasticity to government, and lends itself less to monopoly than the executive system of the United States. With Canadians it is an article of faith that their Constitution endows them with all the benefits of both British and American experience.

But political union was not enough to save Canada for the Empire; until the Canadian Pacific Railway was built the danger of annexation was ever present in the minds of Canadian statesmen. It was not by legislative means that the sentiment of nationality could be developed, but by rapid communications; and to connect the Pacific seaboard with the Atlantic Canada had to carry steel rails across a vast wilderness. She was warned that the undertaking would not pay for its own axle-grease, while she was incurring a heavy burden of debt on its behalf. But her faith in herself and the Empire proved equal to a task which might have tried the resources of a great Empire, let alone a struggling Colony. When it was finished England had an alternative route to the East, and the chain of her world communications was com-

plete. But Canada's fight to remain a part of the British Empire was not yet over. She was confronted by the danger of commercial absorption. This, she was told by fanatical Cobdenites, was her inevitable destiny. Not only was it her interest to unite with her great neighbor, but geography gave her no choice. The Dominion's answer to these cowardly counsels was the adoption of the national policy on which rests the commercial prosperity of the present day. So far from being ruined, her progress is on a scale that recalls a similar stage of development in the United States and in another ten years she will be able to produce enough wheat to feed the people of this country. As for geographical necessity, nothing has been heard of it since Canada, in 1897, gave this country a preference. She has thus led the way in demonstrating that the unity of the Empire may be attained by both commercial and political means. As it was with Germany, so it is to be with us.

It is the proud boast of Canadians that what the United States was to the Nineteenth Century the Dominion will be to the Twentieth. Already the Americans have admitted that their dream of annexation is over, and that British North America is a formidable rival. England, however, has it in her power to unite the new nation in the Western hemisphere in indissoluble bonds with herself under the Crown.

*The Outlook.*

To Canada it will be the triumphant realization of the ideal which has been her inspiration for a century and more. To England it will be the opening of a new and splendid era, since she will then have thrown aside a worn-out creed which is paralyzing her intellect and draining her resources. Under the present conditions of the world she cannot long maintain the burden of Empire alone. Her only chance of holding her Imperial position is to place herself at the head of her daughter States and present a united front to her enemies. The future of the race, therefore, lies with Canada, the greatest, richest and strongest of them all, for without her the Empire is unthinkable. But the benefit is not all on one side. The Dominion is a nation because her existence is guaranteed from foreign aggression by the British navy. Here then is the basis for agreement. England must give her the preference which Sir John Macdonald desired a generation ago; she, on her part, must assume larger responsibilities for defence. That there will be difficulties in the way as great as those she has already surmounted no one who knows her history will believe. Forty years ago Canadian federation held little promise except in faith. But it has been nobly justified by time. To-day it is Imperial Federation which finds encouragement only in the counsels of the few. Will not they, too, achieve immortality in the same way?

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### THE POETRY OF MODERN PANTHEISM.

The English poets of nature of the eighteenth century were children of an age of landscape-gardening and humanitarianism. For them the fair aspects of the world and the generous emotions of mankind were the things that really existed. To the novelists they relin-

quished the task of depicting the dubious actions of men. "The outward shows of sky and earth," and the gentler movements of the human heart were the sources of their inspiration. Passion they wanted, it is true, and without passion no great poetry can be

conceived: but they did not lack either ideas or the faculty of exquisite observation. Above all, they had a fund of poetic instinct sufficient at least to enable them to infuse life and warmth into the frigid philosophy of their contemporaries and to transform it into a sort of religion. Underbuilders in the temple of English poetry, they laid the strong foundations upon which "Tintern Abbey" and other splendid works were erected. They were men with original powers of mind. By combining a realistic description of the phenomena of nature with an idealistic interpretation of its spirit, they elaborated a form of mysticism of a peculiarly poetic type. In the universe of the ancient mystics there was little matter for poetry. Everything there was a symbol for something else: nothing retained that independent significance which enables the imagination to create for its ideas a solid and definite body. The revolt of the poets of nature of the eighteenth century was, however, more especially directed against the deist's conception of a universe of mechanical forces. In this there was not left even a subject for the mystical allegories which Oriental writers weave unceasingly out of the phantasmal pageantry of their strange world. The deists invalidated the implicit feeling of a relation between man and nature. Thomson, the first of modern descriptive poets, restored to that feeling all its force and made it explicit. The pantheism of his "Hymn on the Seasons" is not, perhaps, remarkable for any subtlety of thought, but it is informed by genuine sentiment:

These as they change, Almighty Father,  
these  
Are but the varied God. The rolling  
year  
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing  
Spring

Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderness and  
love . . .  
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer  
months  
With light and heat refulgent. Then  
Thy sun  
Shoots full perfection through the  
swelling year:  
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder  
speaks,  
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling  
eve,  
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whis-  
pering gales,  
Thy bounty shines in Autumn uncon-  
fined,  
And spreads a common feast for all  
that lives.  
In Winter awful Thou! With clouds  
and storms  
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er  
tempest rolled,  
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's  
wing  
Riding sublime, Thou bid'st the world  
adore.

Thomson, like Cowper, who followed him in proclaiming that:

There lives and works  
A soul in all things, and that soul is  
God,

wanted the vehemence of emotion which creates for itself an original and striking way of expression. He was only the obscure progenitor of a famous race. Sluggish of mind and indolent of temper, he left in the rough the notions to which later writers of genius gave a more brilliant form. His idea of the power and beneficence of nature kindled in the fiery soul of Rousseau a blaze of passion in which the spirit of a new age was born: his idea of the divinity of the actual universe quickened in Goethe and Wordsworth, in Shelley and Victor Hugo the faculty:

To see the world in a grain of sand,  
And heaven in a wild flower;

which enabled them to combine the primitive sentiment of universal sym-



pathy and the modern sentiment of universal curiosity in a feeling for natural beauty of an incomparable intensity and breadth.

The range and variety of the poetry of nature inspired by the pantheistic movement are indeed extraordinary. The only connection between some of the writers is a common sense of the mysterious affinities between man and his earthly surroundings. In Goethe and Wordsworth, however, the idea of the harmony of all things predominates. Under the inspiration of this idea they weave together the world of emotions and the world of objects in verse with a subtle power of suggestiveness. Sometimes a frame of mind is expressed in the form of a landscape:

Ueber allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh;  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

Sometimes a landscape is depicted in the form of a frame of mind:

I cannot paint  
What I was then. The sounding cata-  
ract  
Haunted me like a passion: the tall  
rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy  
wood,  
Their colors and their forms, were  
then to me  
An appetite, a feeling and a love.

But this is done without endowing natural scenery with human qualities, or despoiling the mind of man of them. The relation between nature and man, on which this poetry rests, is a real relation. To Byron's question:

Are not the mountains, waves, and  
skies a part  
Of me and of my soul, as I of them?

Wordsworth would have replied that the human soul was not a part of the mountains, waves and skies, but that these things might become a part of the human soul. The connection was a one-sided one, arising from the influence exerted on the imagination by natural objects:

Ah Lady, we receive but what we give,  
And in our life alone does Nature live.

The later poets of the pantheistic school do not appear to have so definite a point of view. Victor Hugo and Shelley, for instance, vacillate between contrary beliefs. In "L'Abime" the French writer gives one of the grandest expressions in literature of the awe aroused by the thought of the unity, vastness, and sublimity of the universe of modern science. But in other poems by him all idea of the order and gradation of things is veiled by the primitive mystery of blank ignorance. Everything that stirs or seems to stir is regarded with reverence. The movement of some frog in the sedge, the action of some human soul impelled by an heroic impulse, provoke the same rudimentary sense of godlike power. This can scarcely be called pantheism: it is mere animism. In Hugo it seems sometimes to be only extravagant rhetoric. Shelley vacillates in the same manner: but it is his pantheism which seems to be rhetorical: his animism is a genuine superstition. Shelley was a man with a divided mind. In regard to the idea of religion he was a narrow and hasty sceptic, who adopted as the most philosophic form of religious indifference a cold, glittering sort of pantheism which he borrowed, like Byron, from Wordsworth, and, like Byron, emptied of all real meaning in the borrowing. He said of Keats:

He is made one with Nature: there is  
heard  
His voice in all her music, from the  
moan

Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet  
bird;  
He is a presence to be felt and known  
In darkness and in light, from herb to  
stone,  
Spreading itself where'er that Power  
may move  
Which has withdrawn his being to its  
own;  
Which wields the world with never-  
wearied love,  
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles  
it above.

But he himself never fell on his knees  
in adoration of that Power. In regard  
to the sentiment of religion, however,  
he was as susceptible as a savage. He  
was the most sceptical and the most  
superstitious of men. Finding in his  
vision of a universe of mechanical  
forces no divine, creative Spirit to wor-  
ship, he turned in moods of deep feel-  
ing to some striking object in nature,  
and prayed to that. His "Ode to the  
West Wind" is surely the strangest  
hymn in the language of any civilized  
people:

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest  
bear;  
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;  
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and  
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less  
free  
Than thou, O, uncontrollable! If even  
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over  
heaven,  
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey  
speed

Scarce seem'd a vision; I would ne'er  
have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore  
need.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!  
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

The passion there rings true. The sin-  
cerity of Shelley's animism is the  
source of all that is new and wild and  
lovely in his poetry of nature. To him,  
when he surrendered himself to mere  
feeling, the world was a fairyland.  
Every natural object there was ani-  
mated with an eerie life of its own,  
which he sometimes depicted in myths  
that have the glow, the freshness and  
the simplicity of the legends of prim-  
itive races. There is, for example, the  
exquisite chorus in "Prometheus  
Unbound":

The pale stars are gone!  
For the sun, their swift shepherd,  
To their folds them compelling,  
In the depths of the dawn,  
Hastens, in meteor-eclipsing array, and  
they flee  
Beyond his blue dwelling,  
As fawns flee the leopard.  
But where are ye?

"This is just the way," as the author of  
"Primitive Culture" remarks, "in  
which early barbaric man would talk."  
In fact, the one great poet of the ro-  
mantic school who tried to adopt a  
naturalistic conception of the universe  
was compelled by his own starved heart  
to reject it for another quite as fan-  
tastic, but, fortunately, far more  
beautiful.

*Edward Wright.*

### THE DREAD OF BOREDOM.

In the days when it was satisfactory to receive as a birthday present the latest work by Kingston or R. M. Bal-lantyne, most schoolboys were familiar with the proper method of breaking in wild horses. The intrepid hunter, having successfully "creased" a handsome and high-spirited mustang (for the *locus classicus*, vide "The Dog Crusoe"), proceeded to train it to his purpose by riding it until it could not move one leg in front of the other. At first, naturally, it bolted straight away over the prairie for three or four miles, and nothing he could do had the slightest effect on it. After that, it began to tire a little, and then the horseman had his turn, and insisted on its galloping on until it stopped, dead beaten, docile and obedient. It learnt its lesson not in the first but in the last five minutes.

Possibly the kindlier critics of modern manners whose indignation makes verses or sermons to-day might read the chapter in "The Dog Crusoe" with advantage. The London season will shortly be at its height, and already, as in years gone by, there is a good deal to be heard from the pulpit and elsewhere on the delinquencies of "society." Father Vaughan, for instance, has been explaining to an interviewer the meaning of an "attack" on certain sections and certain phases of London society which he recently made from the pulpit. He is not, of course, covering new ground in denouncing the life in which men and women "spend their days and nights rushing after pleasure," but it would be difficult to find anything very new to say on that well-worn subject. "For a man or woman to be dull is the one great sin in society, and practically everything which has any element of seriousness or sacredness is regarded as dull. It is

not that the upper classes dislike religion, but that they think they have no time for it, and they are indifferent as to its claims. As things are managed they have no time even for their social duties." It is most of it perfectly true, and yet is the truth of it realized by those to whom the truth matters most? If they have no time for religion, they have no time for Swifts and Juvenals, or rather for the kindlier criticism which has taken the place of the fierce satire of a more savage day. Perhaps the real opportunity for the preacher comes a little later, when perpetual pleasure has become tiring. Possibly then, at last, he may get the audience he wants to listen to him. He can be justified in holding that he must give out his message in season and out of season; but it will be not at the beginning of the strain of perpetual pleasure-seeking, but when the strain has reached an almost unbearable point, that there will come the demand for relief. He can then press home the lesson that pleasure-seeking can be a horribly tiring pursuit.

Meanwhile the pleasure-seekers, and even some of their critics with them, are too near the pleasures they look for, too deeply plunged in the circling eddies of the stream, to see what it is that lies beyond the bounds of their pursuit, or where the stream is bearing them. Like the eye of the historian of Napoleon's great marches, the point of vision ought to be "withdrawn to an immense height." From the solitude of immense height the marching of armies becomes a different matter from the personal abilities of generals, or the physical powers of private soldiers. Thin dotted zigzags of ants crawl infinitely slowly over mountains and valleys which at an enormous height are

level plain. Perhaps a portion of the line halts, or turns aside, or moves no longer,—a great general has blundered and lost a thousand men. Perhaps a private soldier drops for want of water,—that is a thing hardly seen; it does not stop the march of the army. To the watcher at an immense height all that is visible is the dragging progress of hairlike lines of troops; yet what he sees may be a nation led into captivity. If that is the vision of a huge war, what is the vision of the round of a London season? A man may go out into his garden and believe that he discerns some purpose in the steady creeping of an army of ants over the gravel walk, but what is he to make of the gyrations of a dancing column of midges? Ceaseless flying from one unimportant occupation to another, endless goings to and fro over tiny distances, perpetual making and remaking of plans for doing petty things if possible in some new way, meetings for one moment broken off the moment after; now and then one of the ephemerals rising a little higher into the sun than the rest; changing colors of gauzes in changing lights,—what more than that is the distant watcher to discern in the swarm? He could hardly be expected to guess that each member of the shifting cloud of ephemerals was in reality enjoying a perpetual access of fresh and uninterrupted pleasure; that there was a meaning and a purpose in each of the thousand little crossings and changings and visits and departures and risings and turnings of wings; that what he saw was in reality the visualization of a grand escape from boredom.

But the dread of being bored is, for all that, a very real thing. If it is justifiable to talk of an artificial state of society—for whatever stage of development the communities of men have reached, they must be supposed to be undergoing some form of natural evolu-

tion—then the most artificial element in the state of an artificial society must be the imagined terrors of dulness. After all, what is it exactly that the flightiest of all the ephemerals know of dulness? To them dulness is a horror which must be perpetually fled from. In some way or other they connect dulness with lack of change, and, fearful lest it should come upon them unawares, they make perpetual change the ideal state of existence. Whatever they set out to do, whatever plans they prepare, whatever occupation they contemplate, they are obsessed by one single notion, that they must spend the shortest amount of time possible in the doing of it, or the result will be boredom, and boredom is the grand evil. Boredom is for ever waiting for them round the corner. Like children running past the cupboard on the landing, in which lurk bogeys specially designed to catch small boys and girls going upstairs to bed, so they hurry up and down all the stairs of life in continual fear lest the bogey of dulness should leap out at them. If the children knew it, there is no bogey in the cupboard, and if their elders could realize it, what they are running away from is not boredom. They would find that out, if they would only stay still long enough to wait for the bogey to jump. They would discover that the bogey is, curiously enough, the one specialist nerve-doctor whom they are for ever trying to discover; and if they could bring themselves to listen to his advice, and to glance at the pages of his medical dictionary, they would realize that the faster they run from dulness the closer dulness clings to them as they run. They do, indeed, know what dulness is, but they do not know that they know it.

Boredom, in truth, comes from within and not from without. For a man to be perpetually expressing a dread of being bored is merely another

method of explaining to the world a profound contempt for his own mental capacities. In protesting that he cannot abide the idea of staying in this or that place for more than two or three days together, or is unable to dine with the So-and-sos without physical collapse, or, in short, cannot be content to be merely alive and in possession of his faculties, he only proclaims that he considers his faculties very poor possessions. The man whose mental fac-

*The Spectator.*

ulties are really worth consideration is able to extract entertainment from what to lesser brains appears the dullest business in the world. The weaker-minded man who laments to his friend that "You're such a lucky man; you never get bored," pays his friend a compliment, but does not appear to realize what a poor figure he cuts himself. He has never had the courage to stand up to the bogey and blow out the light in the turnip-lantern.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon publish "A Toy Tragedy," by Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. This is a story of children and for children, and for fathers and mothers. The grown-ups are not less successfully depicted than the quartette of children; but it is in the quartette the interest centres, and there we have humor, innocence, poise and earnestness.

E. P. Dutton & Co. announce for immediate publication a new volume by Madison Cawein. The book, which contains the first prose work of the poet, is called "Nature Notes and Impressions," and consists of moods, fancies, descriptions, what you will, sometimes in verse but oftener in prose,—transcripts from Nature,—jotted down by the author in his note books while wandering among the woods and fields.

The ordinary layman is likely to be perplexed when he turns over the pages of a New Testament which opens with Paul's letters to the Thessalonians and prints the Revelation of St. John between the gospel of Luke and the Acts of the Apostles. Yet that is the arrangement which Principal Lindsay has arrived at as a result of his study

of evidence as to the order in which the several books reached the early Christians. He is positive as to 24 of the 27 books, and assigns tentative positions to the others. This newest New Testament appears in Everyman's Library and it is the first chronological arrangement of the sacred writings, according to the latest conclusions of historical and textual criticism, to be placed within the reach of the ordinary reader. As such, it possesses a peculiar interest.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish immediately "Sidelights on the Home Rule Movement," by Sir Robert Anderson; "Shores of the Adriatic; the Italian Side, in Architectural and Archaeological Pilgrimage," by F. Hamilton Jackson, with plans, illustrations, and photographs; "The House of Cobwebs," by George Gissing; "George Crabbe and His Times," by René Huchon; "Sidney Herbert: Lord Herbert of Lea: A Memoir," by Lord Stanmore, 2 vols.; "From a Cornish Window," by Q.; "Personal Forces in Modern Literature," by Arthur Rickett; "The Quest of the Simple Life," by W. J. Dawson.

Stories of Milan under the Sforzas are not written for readers whose



tastes revolt at realistic descriptions of brutality and lust, and it is not to such that Bernard Capes's "Bembo" makes its appeal. But those who can forget the horrors of the plot and yield themselves to the fascinations of Mr. Capes's style, opulent as the age it pictures, will delight in the glittering pages. Bembo himself is an ideal creation—"a child propagandist interpreting, and embodying in himself, the spirit of love"—and in the acceptance and rejection of his message by the capricious Galeazzo and his cringing court lies the tragedy of the tale. A crowd of minor characters, each drawn with unusual detail—fine ladies, fools and parasites, fawning ecclesiastics, scheming nobles, and peasants maddened to revolt—add to the value of the book as a historical picture. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The notable success of "The Divine Fire" gives special interest to the republication of the slender novel which Miss Sinclair regards as the best of her earlier ventures. "Superseded" appears in this country for the first time, and to American readers the problems which it discusses have never seemed more pressing than now. The scene is laid in a girls' college, and the central figure is a teacher of mathematics, painstaking and conscientious, but fading out of middle age without the talent, force or *savoir faire* by which she might have held her own in the crowd of younger competitors. In vivid contrast is the new Classical Mistress—"a brilliant and efficient mind in a still more brilliant and efficient body." The part played by the daring young doctor whose reactionary views as to woman's place in the social order may

fairly be supposed to represent the writer's own, determines the simple plot. Epigrammatic in style, full of clever character-drawing and subtle appreciation of the spirit of the day, the book has a significance quite out of proportion to its size. Henry Holt & Co.

Winston Churchill's new novel, "Coniston," deserves all the popularity which his publishers expect for it. A large book of over five hundred closely-printed pages, containing many chapters whose incidents stand out like complete stories by themselves—a succession of pictures of New England life a generation back—it is yet remarkable for the concentrated power with which the plot holds the reader's sympathy to the end. Its central figure, Jethro Bass, is a political boss of the oldtime, rural type, and the skill with which his individuality is disclosed and his ambition differentiated from the ambitions of his rivals, shows Mr. Churchill at his very best. The two heroines, the older and the younger Cynthia, are fine types, and as a love story alone the book might win notable success. But it is as a study of corporate aggrandizement in its effect upon legislation that the book will make its special mark, and the descriptions of the Woodchuck Session and the fight against the Truro Consolidation Bill will linger longest in most readers' memories. Gaining in piquancy from its avowed admixture of fact, as well as from the widespread interest in Mr. Churchill's own political ambitions, the book would still, if it were pure fiction and its writer a novelist alone, win high place. The Macmillan Co.